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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is sad news indeed from Samoa. Sad to every English reader, for the greatest of English living writers is laid low—sad for us who were his friends, who knew the generosity of his tender heart, the spaciousness of his noble mind. In any case we should probably never more have seen him in the flesh: his kindly eyes, his pleasant smile would, as now, have lived only in our remembrance, but we thought to have heard from him again and again. A letter from him lies before me which arrived the very same day as this evil tidings. It was written to cheer one who seemed far more likely to tread “the unaccompanied way” than he, and he is full of praise—exaggerated and, I fear, undeserved, alas! but dear to me from its kind intention—of a little book of mine lately published. He congratulates me on my good spirits under difficulties. “Depend upon it, Sir, when I go into the arthritic gout business I shall be done with literature, or at least with the funny business. It is quite true I have my battlefields behind me. I have done perhaps as much work as anybody else under the most deplorable conditions. But two things fall to be noticed: in the first place, I never was in actual pain, and in the second, I was never funny. I’ll tell you the worst day that I remember. I had a haemorrhage and was not allowed to speak; then, induced by the devil or a doctor, I was led to partake of a certain bowl which neither cheers nor inebriates; when it goes right it is one thing, but when it goes wrong it is another. And it went wrong with me that day. The waves of faintness and nausea succeeded each other for twelve hours, and I do feel a legitimate pride in thinking that I stuck to my work all through and wrote a good deal of ‘Admiral Guinea’ (which I might just as well not have written for all the reward it ever brought me) in spite of the barbarous bad conditions. I think that is my great boast; and it seems a little thing alongside of your ‘Gleams of Memory,’ illustrated by spasms of arthritic gout. We really should have an order of merit in the trade of letters. For valour Scott would have had it; Popo too; myself on the strength of that medicine; and James Payn would be a Knight Commander. I have always said there is nothing like pain: toothache, lumbago, arthritic gout, it does not matter what you call it, if the screw is put upon the nerves sufficiently strong, there is nothing left in Heaven or in Earth that can interest the sufferer.” Let us hope that in his last hour pain was spared the pitying soul who signs himself, “With the heartiest and kindest goodwill—Robert Louis Stevenson.”

The actual details of this great writer’s death have arrived. He was buried the next day—how quick it seems!—on a high hill, where an obelisk is to be placed for a landmark from the sea. His last words were, “I have a strange pain in my head,” after which he became at once unconscious. Here the similarity of his end with that of Charles Dickens is remarkable: he too murmured a complaint of the like kind, and instantly became oblivious to all pain, though he survived for many hours.

Some people are disappointed when the last utterances of great men are not themselves noteworthy and significant of the speakers; but it is a more natural mode of exit. There is something stagey or artificial in the most admired records of such things, as when Addison sent for his son-in-law to show him how a Christian should die. Jeremy Bentham’s death, in its unselfish consideration for others, is very noteworthy. He kept only his friend Bowring with him. “Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths; it will be distressing to them, and can be of no service. Let us reduce the pain to the lowest possible amount.” Nature was as kindly to him as he to man. “There was no struggle, no suffering; life faded into death as the twilight blends with darkness.” One fears it was more from characteristic flippancy than a true consideration for others that Charles II. apologised for having been “such an unconscionable while in dying.” Lord Byron, his valet Fletcher tells us, was terribly distressed at not being able to make himself understood as regards a message to his wife, but he died very composedly, saying, “I must sleep now.”

Thomas Campbell died murmuring: “I shall now see—” mentioning a long-departed friend; one of those tender aspirations most of us entertain, but, so far as I know, without warrant. I have always thought that Lord Chesterfield’s last utterance, which has been often quoted as characteristic of his Lordship’s politeness, was singularly deficient in that attribute. His valet, opening the curtains of his bed, announced Mr. Dayrolles. “Give Dayrolles a chair,” said the dying man. When thus addressing a servant he should surely have said “Mr. Dayrolles.” The strangest last remark (without the necessary explanations) that probably ever was uttered was that of Dr. Adam Clarke: “Am I blue?” It was the first intimation to his family that he was aware of the nature of his disease, which was Asiatic cholera. Quin’s farewell was a thoroughly professional one: “I could wish this last tragic scene were over but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity.” The character of many last words is no doubt greatly influenced by the delay or suddenness of the approach of death. “I

have been fortunate,” said Sir Joshua Reynolds, “in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine.” This is obviously a long-considered speech, with nothing extempore about it. If Madame Roland had not been refused permission upon the scaffold to write down “the strange thoughts that were arising in her,” she would probably have left a very different farewell behind her. Sterne, we are told, lifted up his hand as if to avoid a blow, and exclaimed, “It is come!” These were the last words, curiously enough, attributed to a very different man, John Knox. Perhaps the most cheerful death-bed utterance was that of Gainsborough, expressive of his good heart as well as of the love of his profession: “We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the party.” In strong contrast this with the end of George IV., who clung to the hope of recovery (which, no doubt, his courtiers encouraged), and even of going to Ascot races: “This is death,” he said to his page; “they have deceived me.” The physicians Harvey and Haller both passed their last moments, as it were, professionally, in making observations on the state of their pulse: “The artery no longer beats,” and so expired. Dr. William Hunter exclaimed: “If I had strength enough to hold a pen I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.”

According to the motto from Benvenuto Cellini which Mr. Rudolf Lehmann has placed upon the title-page of his “An Artist’s Reminiscences,” “all sorts of men who have done something virtuous or that resembles virtue should write their lives with their own hands.” A good many persons, whether consciously or otherwise, have taken this advice, though if the circulation of their biography be the object, I think that in these days individuals who have done something vicious or that resembles vice would have a better chance of success. Mr. Lehmann has, however, achieved it without in any way transgressing the proprieties. As a portrait-painter of interesting persons he has had as large an experience as any artist living, and his recollections of them, though slight, are characteristic. Until middle age and even later Lehmann passed his life upon the Continent, where in youth he had even a harder struggle for existence than most of his calling. His outlook at two and twenty, when in lodgings in Rome, was gloomy enough. “A small stipend from a fund, the bequest of a Hamburg millionaire for needy art-students, which I had enjoyed for two years, had come to an end. Our home had been laid in ashes in the recent Hamburg conflagration. My father, whose income was chiefly derived from his drawing-lessons and miniature portraits, wrote that his duty towards his other children would not allow him to assist me any longer in Rome. But ‘the darkest hour precedes the dawn.’ My brother, who had returned from Rome to paint a Flagellation, a Government commission for a church in Boulogne, had accompanied his very successfully finished work to Paris, where it was to be exhibited in the approaching annual Salon, and had taken my picture with him. His first letter now announced that it had been passed by the jury, a second that it was well hung and remarked upon by the public and the Press, and the third that it was sold and had been awarded a gold medal.” The painter truly remarks it is difficult to overestimate the importance of a first sale of any work in the career of a young artist. “Until that takes place, his family and friends, if they consent at all to sit to him for their portraits, consider it a charity; and if he offers them his work as a present, accept it as a testimony or favour to oblige him.” From the moment of his first success he becomes another man.

So it was with Lehmann. Other gold medals were soon awarded him for work in the Paris Salon; Adelaide Ristori sat to him for a model of the Madonna, and the great Ary Scheffer wrote him a letter of high commendation. Even before this time Lehmann had become acquainted, thanks to an aunt who had a much-frequented salon in Paris, with very interesting persons of great eminence in the musical and literary worlds, such as Meyerbeer, Liszt, Chopin, Humboldt, and Heine. The appearance of most of them is described with an artist’s skill. “Chopin was of almost diaphanous aerial appearance. His finely cut features, with a rather prominent nose, were crowned by an abundant crop of fair curls. His body, too thin and flexible, foreshadowed the cruel disease which carried him away in the prime of life. He would readily play the piano in an intimate circle, when his fingers barely seemed to touch the keys, producing that dreamy fairy music so characteristically his own.”

Heine had a way of asking young people: “Are you going to achieve something in the world?” which must have been rather embarrassing. If there is nothing else to entertain us in the volume, our artist’s experiences in Paris during the Revolution of 1848 would be a sufficient excuse for its publication. What, however, will be most popular with English readers will be the record of his life in London. His first professional interview with the Prince of Wales was rather unfortunate. The Crown Princess of Prussia happened to be present with her portfolio. “You don’t object to my drawing together with you?” she said, and presently, “Now I want to see how you do it,” and followed with her eyes every line of his

drawing. He was paralysed! A weakness he had never been able to conquer was an inability to draw when he was watched.

Frederick William IV. came to see our artist’s great picture, “The Clearing of a Canal in the Pentine Marshes,” which is effected by driving buffaloes into the water. “Being very short-sighted, his Majesty, whose brain was softening, almost touched the canvas with one of the many opera-glasses he carried in his pockets. A gigantic chasseur followed him at every step carrying more glasses. ‘Beautiful! Capital!’ the King exclaimed, until one of his courtiers happened to call his attention to a particular buffalo as being especially noteworthy. ‘That buffalo,’ observed the monarch reproachfully, ‘I have already seen this morning.’” The anecdotes of eminent persons in the volume are numberless, and it would take even a critical Jack Horner some time to pick out the plums. Perhaps the account of Ristori is the most dramatic; the artist knew her well in her humble days, and again when she became a great lady. “When I called she received me with stately courtesy, *en dame du monde*. The past was not mentioned.”

There is no gift of the gods so dangerous to its possessor as that of humour, unless he thoroughly understands that all his fellow-creatures have not got it. We have had some terrible examples of this of late in high places, but they occur continually in the experiences of very ordinary people. An acquaintance of mine very nearly lost a fortune through quoting to his aunt with approbation De Quincey’s essay on “Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts”: “If once a man indulges in murder he very soon comes to think little of robbery, and from robbery he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and there is but one step from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon the downward path you never know where you will stop.” “I see nothing to laugh at in that,” said the old lady. “The man must be a fool.” “But, my dear aunt,” remonstrated the nephew, “don’t you see he is joking?” “Many a man,” he goes on to say, “has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.” That is surely very funny.” “It seems to me extremely wicked,” replied the old lady, “and I wish to hear nothing more of your Mr. De Quincey.” My friend was prudent enough not to press the matter further, but I have heard of another young gentleman who in a similar case went a little too far. He was telling his uncle, a stout country gentleman, of Sydney Smith’s reply to the dull man who asked why the posts at the entrance of the Green Park had been put nearer together. “You have no idea,” said Smith gravely, “what fat people used to get into that Park!” The stout uncle coloured a little, and said “I see no joke in that.” “Oh, don’t say that!” pleaded the nephew; “because Sydney Smith used to say that it was his test case, for if a man didn’t see the fun of that, he would see the fun of nothing.” This simple repetition of a *jeu d’esprit* cost the narrator a legacy, for though people may have no sense of humour, they do not like to be told so. What is very curious, they sometimes take pleasure in retailing a joke even if they do not understand it. Years ago there was an epigram upon Twining, the tea-merchant: “Twining would be whining if deprived of his T.” With my own ears I heard this repeated, with a slight alteration, as “Dakin” (also a tea-merchant) “would be aching if deprived of his T”; nor could the man be got to understand why his half-borrowed jest had failed. A charming example of a joke being taken for earnest is that of the Scotchman praying aloud upon a moor behind a turf dyke, and expressing an opinion that even if it should fall upon him it would be no more than he deserved. A waggish neighbour heard him and pushed the dyke upon him; when, scrambling out, he was heard to say: “Hech, Sirs! it’s an awfu’ world this; a body canna say a thing in a joke but it’s ta’en in earnest.”

Some interesting facts have been supplied by the publishers of the Dryburgh edition of Walter Scott concerning the present popularity of his novels. They maintain that he is “more popular” than ever, and that single volumes of his works are largely bought for school prizes. One would like to have details as to the persons—and the ages of the persons—by whom he is so much read. I do not find, after some investigation, that his works are read by the rising generation. That schoolmasters buy them as “prizes” is no evidence of their being read by the recipients. If their wishes were consulted they would prefer, I fear, the work of some less meritorious but more modern author. But of the publishers’ account of the order of the popularity of his novels there is no need to be sceptical. “Ivanhoe,” as was to be expected, stands at the head of the list, and next to it, strange to say, “Waverley.” One can’t help thinking that as the first novel of the series a number may have been sold—to see what Scott’s novels were like—larger than would have been the case had it stood upon its merits. Its attractions are certainly not equal to those of many of its successors, and it has more than its share of the defects of the author—or what young readers consider such—in the way of tediousness and dissertation. “Rob Roy” is a worthy third; but “The Pirate” quite inexplicably is preferred to “Old Mortality,” and “The Talisman” to “Quentin Durward.” Still, on the whole, the public choice is creditable to the public taste.

CELIBACY IN OUR VILLAGES.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

There is a general consensus of opinion among townfolk that no such human creature as an old bachelor or an old maid is to be found in a country village. Of course we all know that among the farmer class single blessedness, even to the end of a long life, is not uncommon, while among the clergy it appears that celibacy is on the increase. But that in the wilderness, in the little hamlets by the wayside, or among the scattered cottages clustering round the church five miles from a market town, labouring men and women can and do manage to pass all their days unwedded and companionless—this appears to most people incredible and well-nigh inconceivable.

Yet the fact is not to be gainsaid that getting married is not looked upon by our rustics as an absolute necessity of existence, nor are there wanting instances of confirmed old bachelors and of prim old maids in many more country parishes than is generally supposed. The spinsters are less numerous than the male celibates; and it is easy to see why. Girls leave our villages to enter domestic service very young, and many of them save money as they grow older, some of them get small pensions, and some have legacies left them. They almost invariably come back to their *nate-hide*, as we say in the east, and they find themselves very frequently with articles of furniture, linen, etc., bequeathed to them; they set up a small establishment with a young girl to "do" for them, or they take refuge with some relative, pay for their board and lodging, and hoard. They are not often interesting women; as a rule, they are suspicious, inclined to be miserly, and are seldom overreached or robbed, though very bad cases of their being preyed upon do occasionally occur. These single women are for the most part quite able to take care of themselves, and look after their own. But inasmuch as the spinsters are, as I have said, uninteresting, I pass them by. It is very different with the old bachelors.

In the course of my experience, I must have known at least a dozen of them, and I may safely say that no two of them were like one another in their circumstances or their characters. The first of the old bachelors I ever knew was John Jared. I was a very young man then, and he was suffering from a bad attack of typhoid fever. He lived with his parents, who were well upon the sixties, and in the house there was a family of six, the youngest a girl of eighteen or twenty. John thought he was going to die, so did everybody else, but he pulled through. One day I found him quite alone. He asked me abruptly to take care of his money. "How much?" "Reckon there's forty-two pounds, and I'm forty-two year old. So you can remember!" He had actually laid by a pound for every year that he had lived in the world, and he had taken it into his head that his only chance of living was to get rid for a time of the incubus of this prodigious wealth. The man had never had more than nine shillings a week—I speak of forty years ago—but he had begun to save when a mere child; and when he grew up to manhood the harvest wages were looked upon as a fund to be capitalised. The hoard was hidden I know not where. The man recovered, lived on for another ten years, never married, died of an accident, and what became of his savings I never heard, for he had passed out of my ken. I was the only human being who knew his secret, and when on his recovery I gave him back his leather bag, I had a long talk with him. The result of the colloquy was eminently unsatisfactory. "Marry? No, I don't hold wi' marrying. That there bag 'ud have such a hole in it if I'd got a wife that it 'ud bleed to death! I aint a-going to let that there bag bleed at the nose!" As to putting his savings in a bank, as we understand that word, he was tempted to regard me as a swindler for suggesting such an act of unreasonable folly.

In a book published some years ago called "Arcady: for Better, for Worse"—a dull book, now long forgotten, and written by—Bless me! I shall forget my own name next!—there is some account of a swain of Arcady who is still waiting for a bride. He has not improved since I knew him first. I am afraid he must be described as unsavoury. But he once had an *affaire de cœur*. It happened that one day Mrs. Huggins was at her washtub in her little cottage, which is always neat and clean, when loafing Ben, ragged and dirty as usual, and then about forty-five years of age, intruded his lumbering person in the doorway, took off his grimy hat, and began to scratch his head violently. Mrs. Huggins stared! "I'm come about your daughter Bessy, missus!" The fellow had actually come to propose for the young lady's hand—the girl was just seventeen, winsome, bright, and in every way attractive. Mrs. Huggins was furious. Taking out some article of dress from the boiling tub, she belaboured Ben with an energy that would not have disgraced an Amazon. The scalding linen came splashing and swirling about his devoted head till there was no hope but in flight, and Ben took himself off in a condition of desperate panic; the dreadful sensation of hot water mingled with soapsuds frightened him with its repulsive novelty. It is believed by some romancers

that his days have been embittered since then by reflections upon his hard lot. He gave away his heart, he will not offer it again!

It was otherwise with Mike Thacker. He was a professed woman-hater. He was the owner of some cottage property which brought him in a gross rental of about twenty pounds a year, and a hovel in a small paddock in which he had lived absolutely alone since his mother died there when he was about thirty years old. He was a strong and able man in more ways than one, and so far



Photo by A. G. Rider, Winchester.

WINCHESTER BARRACKS AFTER THE FIRE.

from being a miser he was always spending money on his estate by way of improving it. Every now and then he would "take a harvest" or do a spell of work, utterly indifferent to jeers and mockery. For months he would be quite idle. For thirty years not a human being had crossed his doors. When he was a few years past sixty the boys, as their manner is, took to baiting him, trespassed upon his paddock, knocked at his door and hid themselves, flattened their noses against his window, and violently disturbed his peace of mind. I went to see him. I asked him the usual question, why he had never married. Then came the following story: Once, for the first and only time in his life, he had taken it into his head to go to the Primitive Chapel. He sat himself down in a vacant seat and a hymn was given out. A kind little damsel skipped out from the other side of the place, presented him with an open hymn-book, and offered to share it with the newcomer. "I wasn't going to put up with that!" he said to me in virtuous indignation. "I wasn't going to be chose for by a woman. When I want one I can choose for myself, same as others. So I just walked out and left 'em."



Photo by A. G. Rider, Winchester.

WINCHESTER BARRACKS AFTER THE FIRE: INTERIOR VIEW.

Advances from the other sex were to him not only indecent, they were almost criminal. He waxed eloquent in his fervid denunciations of those sly, designing females who were always looking out for such as he. But he defied them! He had never been taken in so far, and he never meant to be—nor was he: he died, as he had lived, alone. About his burial there is a horrid story which I reserve for the present. I do not feel grim enough to deal with it this morning.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WINCHESTER BARRACKS DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The fine range of buildings, of some historical interest, conspicuous in the upper part of the ancient city of Winchester, overlooking the wide and deep railway cutting, which were occupied as military barracks, were destroyed by fire early on Wednesday morning, Dec. 19. They were designed and partly erected in 1685 as a palace for King Charles II., the architect being Sir Christopher Wren, but were not completed or adapted for a royal residence; only the central building and part of the wings being constructed at the end of that reign. Queen Anne had an intention of completing Winchester Palace and presenting it to her husband, Prince George of Denmark. During our wars with France in the last century, from 1756 to 1780, many French prisoners were confined here. The buildings have long been used for the accommodation of our own soldiers; recently the inmates have been the unmarried men belonging to dépôts of the Hampshire Regiment and of the Rifle Brigade. Only the walls, still presenting a stately front upon a nobly elevated site, are now left standing after the fire, which has burnt out all the rooms, corridors, and staircases of the interior; but the armoury, the magazine, the schoolroom, gymnasium, and other outbuildings or detached buildings remain, and the fire did not reach a neighbouring edifice of much greater antiquarian interest, the old hall of Henry III. It seems to have been in the offices of the Pay Department that the fire began, and it spread quickly, with a strong south-westerly wind, the engines of the Winchester Volunteer Fire Brigade having no sufficient supply of water in the mains during the first hour. Large quantities of stores, and everything that belonged to the soldiers, were consumed by this fire, but there was no loss of life, and no bodily hurt, either among the inmates of the barracks or among the firemen.

"TRUTH'S" DOLL AND TOY SHOW.

The annual exhibition, at the Royal Albert Hall, of the collection of dolls and children's toys, with Christmas crackers and other playthings, which the proprietor and editor of the weekly paper called *Truth* is accustomed to receive from its subscribers and readers, to be distributed among the children, in number estimated at 27,000, in the London hospitals, workhouse schools, orphanages, and other charitable institutions, is a very pretty show. It closed on Thursday evening, Dec. 20, to allow time for sending all these articles to those various institutions before Christmas Eve. There were several hundreds of dolls, arranged by Mrs. Horace Voules and assistant ladies in six huge pyramids, and one conspicuous device, called "The Iris," contributed by Mrs. Arliss, was a large doll in green robes, with a "rainbow" surrounding her flaxen head, this being a circle formed of 184 very small dolls, each of which was dressed in the seven colours of the rainbow. Maypole dances harmoniously arranged, and groups of figures representing different scenes or actions, were produced with very good effect.

OLD HOUSES IN BERMONDSEY.

The remains of old-fashioned domestic street architecture in different quarters of London, both north and south of the Thames, are rapidly disappearing; and the pen of another Harrison Ainsworth, or, far better, another Charles Dickens, aided by the pencil of another Cattermole, will scarcely find, in the next century, any examples of the penthoused shops, the projecting timbered upper chambers, the quaint gables, the latticed windows, and the pointed doorways which characterised many frontages of the dwellings of worthy tradesmen working at their privileged crafts in the times of Queen Elizabeth and of the Stuart Kings. Bermondsey and Southwark, but especially "the Borough" and the region adjacent to Tooley Street, where the riverside warehouses and the docks, with the newly constructed and further intended approaches to the Tower Bridge, have removed most of the relics of antiquity, were perhaps less familiar to ordinary Londoners before this transformation began than some localities on the Middlesex side of the Thames. It was usually considered that Bermondsey was an obscure, miry, dingy, uninteresting place, mainly occupied by tanneries and wholesale dealers in leather, or rope-makers, which could have no historical associations. But it was Beormund's "Eye" or "Ea," that is to say, his island, a goodly tract of marsh-meadow land owned by a Saxon thane, lying beyond the church founded

in memory of St. Olave, the Norwegian Christian King Olaf, hero and martyr of the year 1029; and the Abbey of Bermondsey, founded at the Norman Conquest, became a wealthy and stately monastery, the retreat of widowed Queens of England, of Henry the Fifth's Queen Katharine, and of Queen Elizabeth (Woodville) the wife of Edward IV. Nor did the Plantagenet Kings disdain such hospitality as the monks could afford at Bermondsey, which then was a pleasant place.

HOW JAPANESE WAR PICTURES ARE MADE.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—THE BATTLE OF KERBEKAN, FEB. 10, 1885: GENERAL EARLE'S TROOPS ATTACKING THE ENEMY.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant Beverley W. R. Ussher, 1st Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.



THE ROUT OF CHIN-LEN-CHANG.

From the Private Collection of Mr. Lazenby Liberty (of Liberty and Co.), for Presentation to the Japan Society.

OBVIOUSLY COPIED BY THE JAPANESE ARTIST FROM THE ABOVE.



A NEW BURDEN TO AN OLD SONG.

PERSONAL.

The French Chamber of Deputies, having lost by death the services of M. Burdeau in the Presidential chair of that

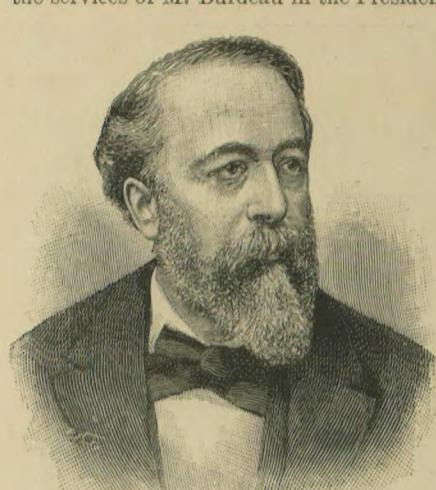


Photo by Pierre Petit, Paris.

M. BRISSON,
The New President of the French Chamber.

of the Radical party, which seems likely now to recover much of its former strength. His vigorous attitude in the prosecution of the Parliamentary investigation of the charges of corrupting Deputies, Senators, and Ministers brought against the directors of the Panama Canal may have rendered him the object of some personal enmity. But he is a man of unimpeached public and private integrity, and the Chamber of Deputies might have done worse in their choice.

Much sympathy has been excited by the sad news of Lord Randolph Churchill's illness. For some time past he has betrayed symptoms of nervous collapse. Members of the House of Commons knew only too well the pathetic spectacle of the once brilliant debater struggling to put some substance into the shadow of his former self. It was hoped that Lord Randolph's visit to the East would prove a restorative, but he has come back much worse, and very little hope of his ultimate recovery is entertained by his physicians. This has excited universal regret among political friends and foes alike. Lord Randolph was ever a fighter. He came into prominence in the Parliament of 1880, when his energy, resource, and courage did so much to inspirit his party after their great defeat at the polls in that year. When the Conservatives returned to office for a definite lease of power in 1886 Lord Randolph became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. There seemed at that time no limit to his brilliant possibilities. Suddenly the world was astounded to learn that he had resigned office, and from that date his decline was continuous. Never have such exalted hopes been so strangely blighted. Though he was so vigorous a political swordsman, Lord Randolph never inspired animosities, and the melancholy close of his public life has saddened the keenest of his adversaries.

All doubts as to Mr. Stevenson's death have been set at rest by the circumstantial details of his end. It was believed by his relatives at home, especially by his uncle, Dr. Balfour, of Edinburgh, that a mistake had been made in the original telegram. Dr. Balfour alluded to an understanding in the family that if anything happened to Mr. Stevenson, the news was to be telegraphed to England by his mother. In the absence of this communication it was suggested that Mrs. Stevenson, and not her husband, had died, and that an error had been made in transmitting the fact. But it is clear now that the original story was true. The end came with the suddenness which the romancer had always craved as an ideal death. Without the slightest warning, consciousness left him and never returned.

One detail of the story is curiously affecting. Stevenson's swan song was sung by a favourite servant, a native boy, who lifted up his voice in a hymn while his master's family stood sorrowfully round the dying man. That was a tribute of affection which he would have appreciated most. And his keen sense of the ironies of life would have been gratified by the choice of the moment for Destiny's last dart. It was not when he was at his work in the midst of high imaginings, but when he was thinking of nothing more ethereal than the mixing of a salad. This recalls the confessions of Allmers in Ibsen's "Little Eyolf," that when his grief for his dead child was most acute he found himself wondering what there was for dinner.

There is no end to the wonderful stories about Mr. Cecil Rhodes. His admirers are fond of describing the triumphal progress that pleases him most—namely, a ride on a donkey through a country full of roaring lions, with no more formidable weapon than a sunshade. It is now said that the Napoleon of South Africa aspires to a royal alliance, and certainly, if the custom of marrying princesses to subjects occasionally is to continue, no better choice of a bridegroom could be made.

Mr. William Cresswell, of the Parramatta Lunatic Asylum, is proclaimed, not for the first time, to be the long-lost Roger Tichborne. A lady named Jenkins is said to be quite sure of his identity. His handwriting is like Roger's, and, moreover, he has the usual birthmarks. This suggests a slight variation of the famous passage in "Box and Cox." Mrs. Jenkins: "Have you got a strawberry-mark on your left arm?" The Lunatic: "Yes." Mrs. Jenkins: "Then come to the arms of your family, you long lost Roger." It is said, further, that certain important people have taken up the case, and that a new claim is to be made on the much-suffering Tichbornes. As it cost them a hundred thousand pounds to expose Arthur Orton, they cannot be very enthusiastic about the discovery at Parramatta. But there is no ground for alarm. Mr. Cresswell's tale has been told before. We know all about the gentleman who went into

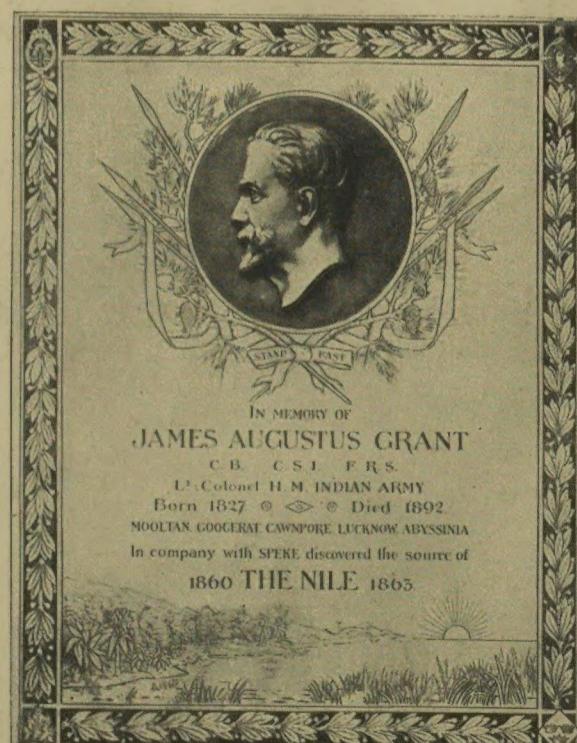
the butchering business with Orton and became a hopeless lunatic just about the time that the hero of Wapping and Wagga-Wagga started his monstrous imposture in England; and it is not likely that anybody will crave for the resurrection of the greatest incubus of the century merely to oblige Mrs. Jenkins.

The old lion of the "Zoo" is no more. "Duke" will be remembered by multitudes chiefly for his stately gravity. There was nothing hail-fellow-well-met about him. For nearly twenty years he treated the staring bun-bearing public with cold disdain. He had a wonderful gift of looking over the heads of the crowd as if nothing in the world existed except himself and space. For lionesses he had no taste, but dwelt like an anchorite in lonely meditation. His death will be regretted by every true lover of animal life.

The great question of the distinction between legal and illegal betting is likely to come before the courts. Summonses against the Jockey Club are to be applied for by the Anti-Gambling League. The chief point is whether the betting which is carried on in the enclosures at Newmarket and elsewhere, under the patronage of the Jockey Club, comes within the definition of legal betting. That this is regarded as a serious matter is shown by the speeches at the first meeting of the Sporting League, when Mr. James Lowther declared that the pastimes of England and everything that had made the Empire great were threatened by a conspiracy of faddists. The present state of the law as to betting is extremely uncertain. Many decisions have been given which it is difficult to reconcile with one another. Probably no two magistrates are agreed as to the limits of their jurisdiction. The opinion of one eminent judge has been severely criticised by the Home Secretary. If the case set up by the Anti-Gambling League should be definitely adjudicated there will be a distinct contribution to the public knowledge; but anybody who expects this issue must have a sanguine temperament.

Among the injured in the terrible railway accident near Crewe is Mr. John Boon, editor of the Exchange Telegraph Company, who, we regret to learn, is suffering from concussion of the spine. Mr. Boon was returning from Manchester to London, and true to the instinct of the born journalist, he was almost the first to send to London a really coherent account of the extraordinary disaster. It appears that the express did not run into the goods train on the same line of rails, for the latter train was supposed by the officials engaged in shunting it to be safely out of the way. But one wagon, instead of moving into the siding, was blown back by the high wind right into the middle of the passenger train, and the impact caused a frightful smash, killing fourteen people and injuring many more. Not for the first time have the Christmas festivities of the nation been overshadowed by a catastrophe on the railway, though it is scarcely necessary to say that on the London and North-Western line fatalities of the kind are extremely rare.

By the kind permission of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral a very handsome brass has been placed lately in the crypt of the cathedral to the memory of the late Colonel James Augustus Grant. The tablet contains a portrait medallion in alto-relief, surrounded by Scotch fir-tops, the badge of the Grants. On the lower portion there is a perspective view of the Victoria Nyanza, commemorative of the discovery of the source of the Nile. The inscription is as follows: "In memory of James Augustus Grant, C.B., C.S.I., F.R.S., Lieutenant-Colonel H.M. Indian Army. Born 1827—Died 1892. Mooltan, Googerat, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Abyssinia. In company with Speke discovered the source of the Nile, 1860-1863."



The tablet, which is the work of Barkentin and Kraal, is an interesting and successful piece of work.

In this period of "new departures" even old-fashioned German Reed's Entertainment has followed suit, and on Dec. 19 produced a "Burletta" in three acts. Whether this innovation will attract new patrons to St. George's Hall, as well as retain those who have for years frequented the Entertainment, time alone can decide. Having been a mild burlesque of the ordinary theatre, German Reed's now aspires to more ambitious flights; the drowsy music of piano and harmonium, which hitherto has been its orchestra, is augmented by two violins and a 'cello, and did full

justice to Mr. Walter Slaughter's tuneful music in "Melodramania." Instead of one scene sufficing for the entire piece, there are now three—one of the grounds at "Olympia" being especially effective. In fact, the entertainment shows that "Todgers can do it, when it likes." The heaviest burden of the piece is lightly borne by Mr. Corney Grain, who is successively attired in an "Ailesbury" sporting costume, in yellow and white as a jockey, and as a pedlar. He is often intensely comic and always clever in his studied satire of the "villain" ordinarily associated with Adelphi melodrama. Mr. Alfred German Reed has not quite so good a chance of amusing as he had in "Killiecrumper" or "Carnival Time," but he says very many funny things in that clever manner of his which doubles the wit. Miss Fanny Holland sings, dances, and talks as vivaciously as ever; Miss Dora Thorne and Mr. Avalon Collard play the part of lovers delightfully, and Mr. MacMoyes is efficient as an ancient retainer. Mr. Malcolm Watson and Mr. Slaughter were called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Corney Grain afterwards introduced a new sketch, "Uncle Dick," which will doubtless prove attractive after it has been "worked up" by one of the few entertainers who really entertains.

The sudden death, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 18, at a political meeting in the Music-Hall at Pershore, of the

Parliamentary representative of the Evesham Division of Worcestershire, is regretted for the sake of Sir Edmund Lechmere's personal qualities, and of the esteem in which he has been held as a country gentleman. He was the only son of the second baronet, and was born in 1826, succeeding his father in

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.
THE LATE SIR EDMUND LECHMERE, BART, M.P.

1856. He was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. A Conservative in politics, he sat as M.P. for Tewkesbury from 1866 to 1868, for West Worcestershire from 1876 to 1885, for West Worcestershire (Bewdley) 1885 to 1892, and for South Worcestershire (Evesham) since 1892. He unsuccessfully contested Tewkesbury in 1868 and 1874. He was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of Worcestershire in 1852 and High Sheriff of that county in 1862. He also occupied the position of Chancellor of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

Dr. Atlay, Bishop of Hereford, died at the Palace, Hereford, on Monday, Dec. 24, at the age of seventy-seven years. Dr. Atlay was appointed Vicar of Leeds in 1859 and Canon of Ripon in 1861. He succeeded Dr. Hampden as Bishop of Hereford in 1868.

The *Daily Chronicle* publishes a very fine poem on Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson from the pen of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. It makes with the verses which have appeared in our columns from Mr. Davidson and Dr. Garnett an interesting poetical record of the great novelist. But where are the older and more "popular" singers? We venture to quote Mr. Le Gallienne's concluding lines—

Virgil of prose! far distant is the day
That at the mention of your heartfelt name
Shall shake its head, oblivious, and say:
"We know him not, this master, nor his fame."
Not for so swift forgetfulness you wrought,
Day upon day, with rapt fastidious pen,
Turning, like precious stones, with anxious thought,
This world and that again and yet again,
Seeking to match its meaning with the world;
Nor to the morning stars gave ears attent,
That you, indeed, might ever dare to be
With other praise than immortality
Unworthily content.

Not while a boy still whistles on the earth,
Not while a single human heart beats true,
Not while Love lasts, and Honour, and the Brave,
Has earth a grave,
O well-beloved, for you!

The death of Miss Frances Mary Buss at the age of sixty-seven removes one of the educational pioneers of the day. She was a daughter of that artist whose "Buss plates" make certain copies of the "Fickwick Papers" of especial value to collectors, and she was for forty-four years the head mistress of a school in the north of London, which ultimately became known as the North London Collegiate School for Ladies. This and a companion establishment, the Camden School for Girls, were the pioneers of much excellent work all over the country. Miss Buss was consulted whenever any movement was in progress on behalf of women's education, and the Girls' Public Day Schools Company, to which we owe so many efficient "High Schools," modelled its work upon Miss Buss's plan.

After gazing at several hundred Christmas cards, with all their "infinite variety" which custom apparently cannot stale, it was a relief to the eye to survey the charming cards with which the Johannis Company greet their friends. A series of fancy costumes, printed in delicate delightful hues, give the stop-at-home man or woman a reflection of a fancy-dress ball without the trouble of travelling. A pretty panorama flits before one as "Carmen," is followed by an "Arcadian Shepherdess"; a "Fairy" bedizened with silver trips after "Bacchante," and a maiden representing "Pansies" is escorted by "A Noble" of the period 1350. Finally, a clever costume, "King Johannis," which took a prize at Covent Garden, is a most artistic glorification of a well-known firm.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Osborne, with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and has been visited by Princess Louise, with the Marquis of Lorne, and by the Duchess of Albany.

The Prince of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, are at Sandringham.

The Princess of Wales stays two or three weeks longer in Russia with her sister, the widowed Empress.

The Ameer of Afghanistan, Abdurrahman, has been visited at Cabul by the Hon. George Curzon, and says that he intends, as soon as his health permits the journey, to come to England on the Queen's invitation.

Political speeches have been made by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, on Dec. 21, at Haddington; the Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, at York; Mr. H. Labouchere, at Northampton; and other members of Parliament.

A terrible railway accident occurred on Saturday, Dec. 22, at Chelford, near Crewe, on the London and North-Western line, to the afternoon express train from Manchester, which came into collision with some goods wagons left at that station. Fourteen passengers were killed, and forty or fifty were injured. It seems that the wagons were being shunted, and one of them got on the wrong line of rails. There is a question whether or not it was blown off the proper line by the force of the wind.

The new first-class battle-ship, H.M.S. *Magnificent*, constructed at Chatham Dockyard in one twelvemonth, a speedy building hitherto unexampled, was floated out of dock on Wednesday, Dec. 19, in the presence of Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Lady Spencer performed the odd "christening" ceremony of breaking a bottle of wine on the prow of the ship. The *Magnificent* in design, somewhat resembles the *Royal Sovereign*, built at Portsmouth three years ago, but with changes introduced by Mr. W. H. White, the Director of Naval Construction. She will have engines of 10,000-horse power (without forced draught), supplied by Messrs. John Penn and Sons, to give a natural speed of 16½ knots; and she will carry four 12-inch breech-loading guns, mounted en barbette, twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns, and many smaller, with torpedo-dischargers below water; her armour-plating varies from 8-inch thickness to 14-inch on the sides and citadel, and 6-inch on the casemates, to the protective deck, of 2½ inches and 4 inches thickness in different parts.

The new torpedo-boat destroyer *Lynx*, while on her way from Birkenhead to Devonport in charge of a navigating crew, struck on the rocks near Land's End on the night of Monday, Dec. 24, and sustained severe damage. She was able to reach Devonport next day, but will have to be docked for repairs.

The violent storm of wind, from Friday night, Dec. 21, through the greater part of Saturday, had very destructive effects all over England, Ireland, and Scotland; many vessels were shipwrecked on the western coast, buildings were damaged in many cities and towns, and some telegraph wires were broken; there was some loss of life, and numerous people were hurt. The Grimsby fishing fleet seems to have suffered extensively, as every tide brings in vessels which were disabled or which have to report the loss of hands by drowning or injury during the tempest.

An inquest was held on Dec. 22 on the body of Lloyd Burdekin, twenty-two years of age, the son of a wealthy Australian colonist, lately residing at Thames Ditton. He had committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver, and had left some extraordinary letters explaining that he had "taken his life with his own hand in perfect sanity of mind," but describing elaborate arrangements he had made to create the impression that his death was accidental. A verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane" was returned.

The corpse of Benjamin Fuller, a man who on Nov. 18 jumped off the top of the Tower Bridge, diving into the Thames, was found in the river on Dec. 19, and an inquest has returned the verdict "Death by misadventure."

Arrangements have been made by the International Sleeping-Car Company with foreign railway and steam-

resigned office, in consequence of differences with the Austrian Ministers of the Emperor Francis Joseph, King of Hungary.

The newly married young Emperor and Empress of Russia have left St. Petersburg to reside at their palace of Czarskoo Selo.

Diplomatic arrangements are still going on for the appointment of an International Commission of Inquiry, with delegates from the European Powers, to investigate the recent acts of massacre and cruelty perpetrated by Kurds and Turkish soldiers in Armenia. Mr. S. Shipley, the Vice-Consul at Monastir, in Albania, will be the British delegate.

The Japanese and Chinese military forces, in comparatively small detachments, have had several further recent conflicts in Manchuria, but the winter season checks any immediate advance of the whole conquering army, either towards Pekin or to Mukden; and there is a prospect of speedy negotiations for peace, with the submission of China to the terms demanded by Japan, if these be not so excessive as to excite the disapprobation of the European Powers.

It is reported that on Dec. 19 another decisive victory was gained by the left wing of the Japanese army over a Chinese force 10,000 strong under General Sung, near Niuchwang. The Chinese fought stubbornly for five hours, but were overpowered and completely routed: their loss was 500. It is believed that the Japanese reached Niuchwang on Saturday, Dec. 22. Further risings of the Tonghak insurgents in Corea are announced.

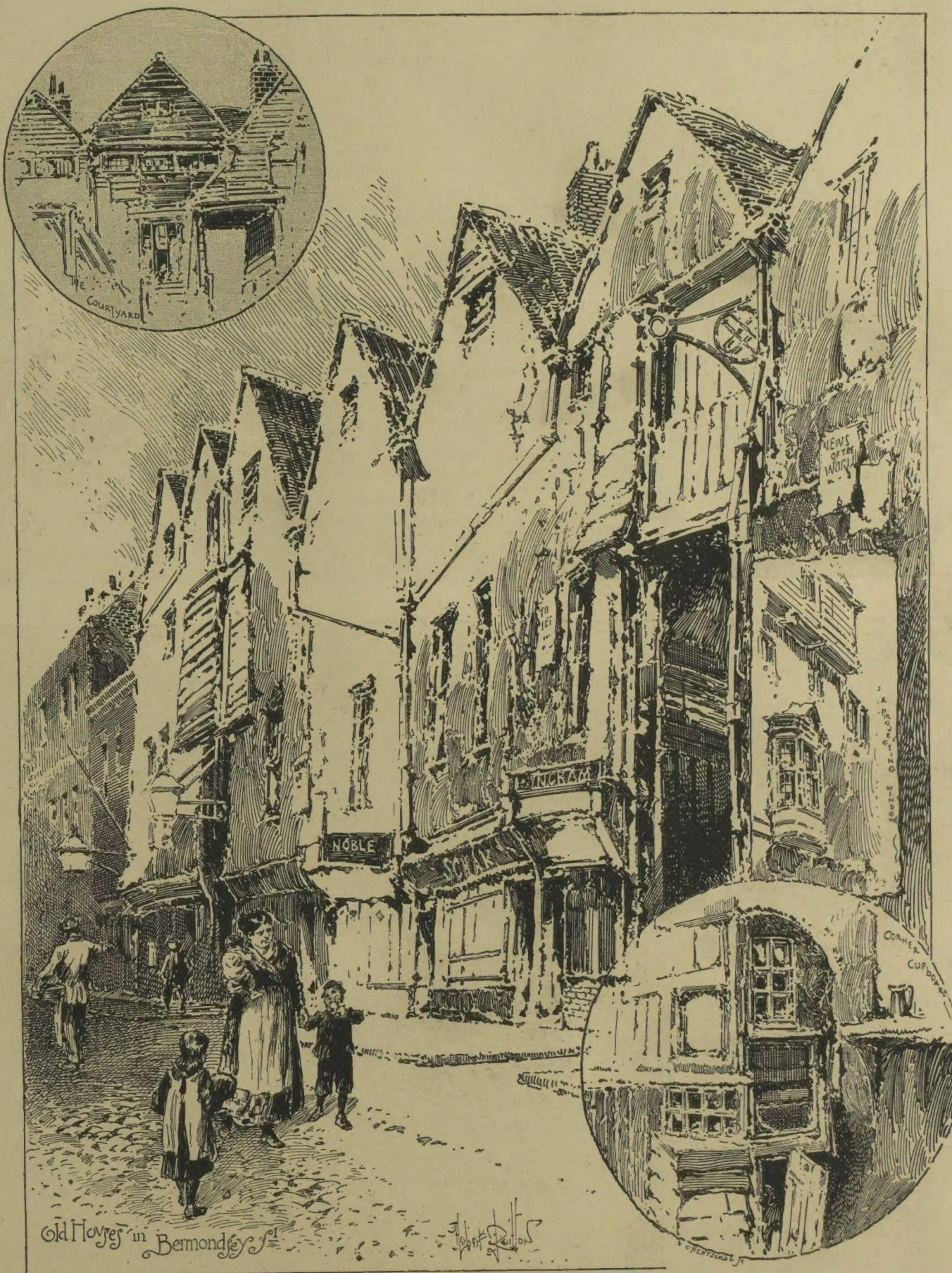
The campaign against the Mahsud Waziri tribes on the frontier between the Punjab and Afghanistan has been actively commenced. On Friday, Dec. 21, Sir W. Lockhart's force reached Makin, and destroyed the village. The other columns have reached their respective destinations, and communication with them has been established. Colonel Turner's brigade has entered Kunigaram, the Mahsud capital. The weather was extremely cold and snow was threatening; but the health of the troops was good.

The Egyptian Government has replied to the native Legislative Council on the Budget, regretting that the Council, before asking for such sweeping reductions of expenditure, did not more correctly inform themselves on the subject. The result of adopting the Council's suggestions would be to render impossible a continuance of the existing reforms, and serious financial loss would ensue.

With regard to Madagascar, reports have been received in Paris from Tamatave of two or three small collisions between the French and the Hovas in the vicinity of that place. The arrival is announced of Colonel Shervington, the commander of the Hova forces, and of other officers formerly in the British Army, who, it is said, desire to take service in the army of the Queen of Madagascar.

In the United States of America some negroes have been killed in the fighting between the whites and blacks in Brooks County, Georgia. At Pine Apple, in Alabama, four persons were killed and thirteen mortally wounded in a riot at a negro fair.

Count A. Ignatieff is shortly to be displaced as Governor-General of Kieff; this change is regarded as foreshadowing an improvement in the position of the Jews in the southwest of Russia, where they have been treated with great severity.



OLD HOUSES IN BERMONDSEY.

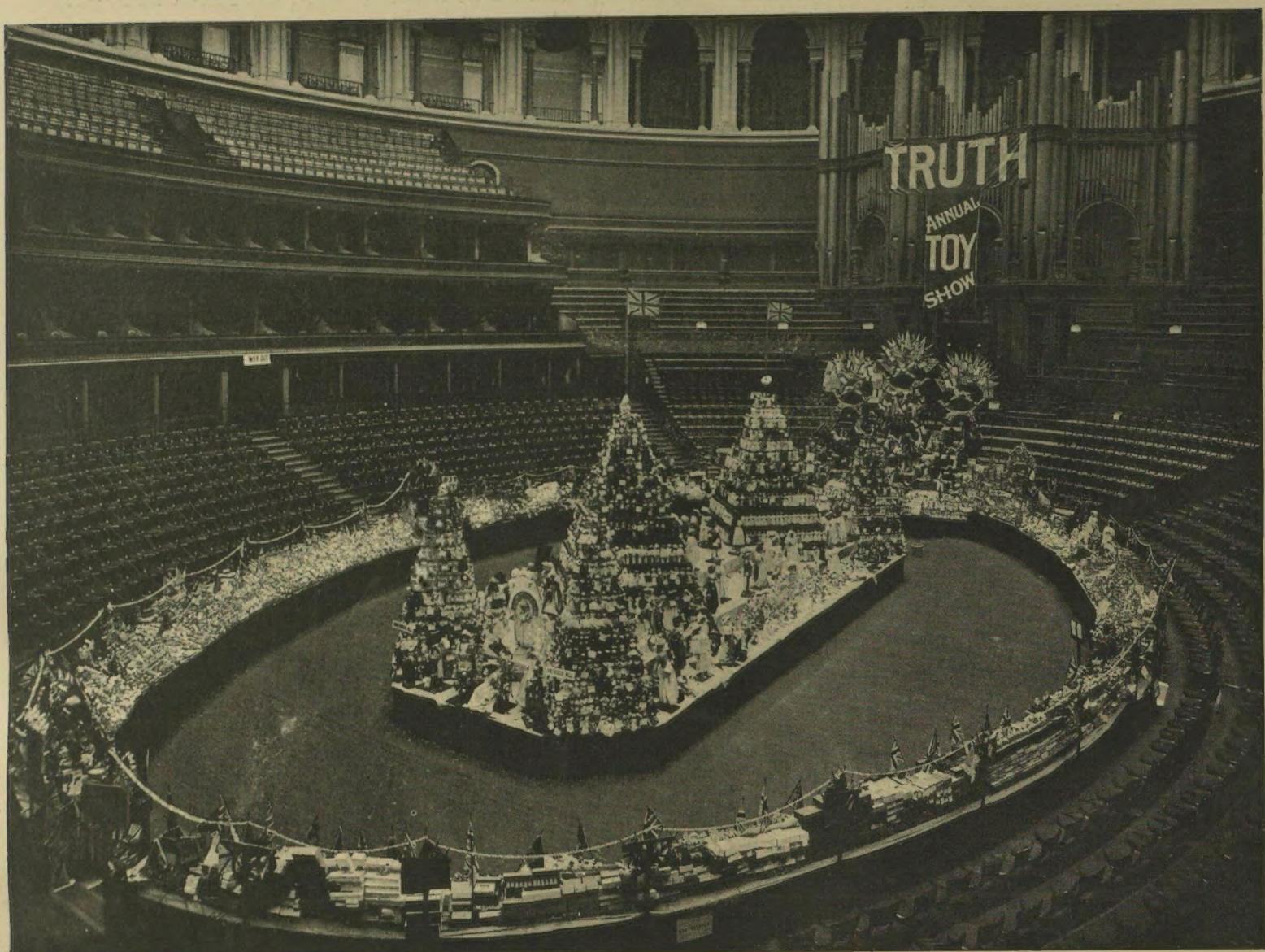
boat companies by which, on Sunday, Jan. 6, and following Sundays, passengers may start from Ostend, via Cologne, Vienna, and Belgrade, without change of carriages, direct to Constantinople, arriving on Wednesday afternoon; and may go by steamer from Constantinople to Egypt, reaching Alexandria on Friday afternoon; the whole journey from London to Egypt being performed in five days.

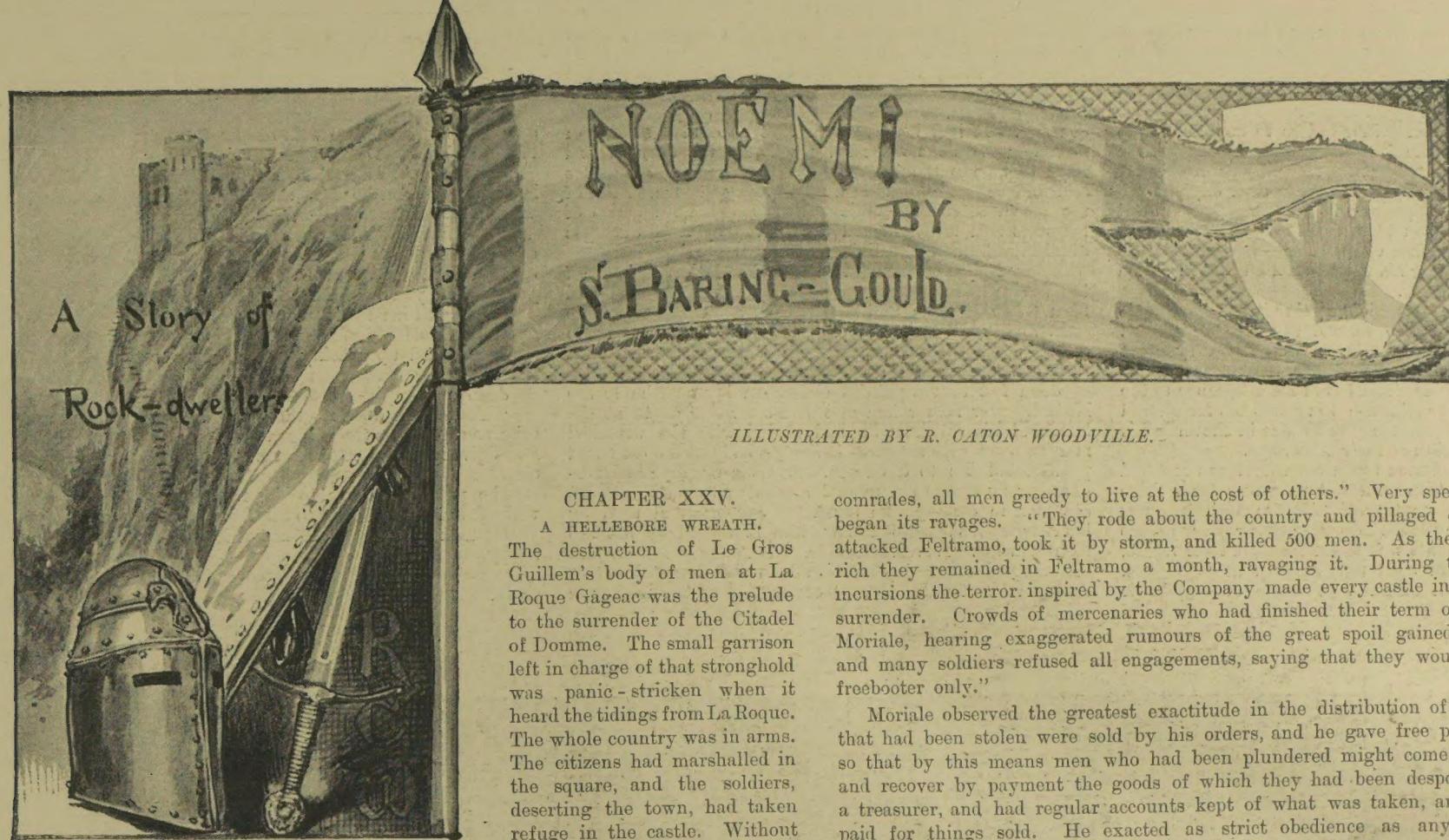
In France the Chair of the Chamber of Deputies was filled on Dec. 20 by the new President, M. Brisson, whose election is noticed separately. The trial of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, one of the War Office staff, for having traitorously sold to a foreign Government documents concerning secrets of the national defences, ended on Dec. 22 by the court-martial finding him guilty and sentencing him to transportation and imprisonment for life, with military degradation.

The Hungarian Ministry of Dr. Wekerle, though supported by a large majority of the Diet at Buda-Pesth, has

"TRUTH" TOY SHOW AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.





hemmed in by the Bishop's troops that arrived from Sarlat and La Roque on one side, menaced from Beynac, where was a royal garrison, on another, and from Fénélon on a third, where the Baron was loyal to the French Crown as well as a personal enemy of Guillem, the remnant of the Company that had acknowledged Guillem as Captain was fain to capitulate; and the confederate troops under the Governor of La Roque were content to accord terms, knowing the danger of driving these freebooters to desperation.

They were suffered to march forth with their arms. They retreated up the Dordogne to Autoire, an impregnable stronghold, at that time in the power of a Chief of Companies, who they knew would welcome them and afford them fresh opportunities of ravage and of gaining spoil.

The history of France presents but one period of greater horror than that of the Free Companies—namely, the epoch of the wars of Religion. But practically, these latter wars were the outcome of the former. For three hundred years the barons and the great seigneurs of Aquitaine had been free to act in accordance with their passions, uncontrolled by any hand. They had made war against each other on no provocation, they had made the cities and commercial towns their common prey. The only possible way in which a community of peaceful citizens or of villagers could struggle on was by contracting *patis* or compacts with the barons, whereby they undertook to pay them an annual sum, and on this agreement were freed from vexation by their armed men. The younger sons of the barons and bastards collected about them the scum of society—runaway serfs, escaped felons, adventurers from Spain, from Brabant, from Italy, but chiefly Gascons, drilled them, armed them, maintained them in strict discipline, captured such castles as seemed to them most advisable centres as dominating fertile districts or else constructed others wherever was a rock that lent itself to defence, and thence they carried their arms in all directions. They came in torrents down from the *causses* and the Cévennes upon Languedoc; they ravaged Auvergne; they carried their incursions into Berry and the Limousin. The King of France, the estates of the several provinces were powerless to rid the country of them. Again and again vast sums of money were collected and poured into their bottomless purses, and the Companions promised on receipt of these sums to surrender their castles and quit the country, but very generally they only half fulfilled their undertaking. They yielded up a fortress or two, they drifted over the Pyrenees into Spain or over the Alps into Italy, and not finding there the spoil they wanted, or meeting there with reverses, they turned their faces again towards France, and reoccupied their old nests, or constructed fresh ones, and all the old evils returned in aggravated form.

The mediæval historian Villani, who died in 1363, gives an account of the formation of one of these terrible bands, which may serve as an example of the constitution of all. He says that in 1353 a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, wearied of his order and its discipline, renounced his vows, and formed a Company of Free Companions in the Marches of Ancona.

“Brother Moriale called together by letter and message a great number of soldiers out of employ. He bade them come to him, and promised to defray their expenses and to pay them for their services. This succeeded admirably; he gathered about him 1500 bassinets and more than 2000

CHAPTER XXV.

HELLEBORE WREATH.

The destruction of Le Gros Guillem's body of men at La Roque Gageac was the prelude to the surrender of the Citadel of Domme. The small garrison left in charge of that stronghold was panic-stricken when it heard the tidings from La Roque. The whole country was in arms. The citizens had marshalled in the square, and the soldiers, deserting the town, had taken refuge in the castle. Without head, without prospect of relief,

comrades, all men greedy to live at the cost of others.” Very speedily this Company began its ravages. “They rode about the country and pillaged on all sides. They attacked Feltramo, took it by storm, and killed 500 men. As the country round was rich they remained in Feltramo a month, ravaging it. During the period of these incursions the terror inspired by the Company made every castle in the neighbourhood surrender. Crowds of mercenaries who had finished their term of service flocked to Moriale, hearing exaggerated rumours of the great spoil gained by the Company, and many soldiers refused all engagements, saying that they would serve under this freebooter only.”

Moriale observed the greatest exactitude in the distribution of the booty. Objects that had been stolen were sold by his orders, and he gave free passes to purchasers, so that by this means men who had been plundered might come to the fair he held and recover by payment the goods of which they had been despoiled. He instituted a treasurer, and had regular accounts kept of what was taken, and what prices were paid for things sold. He exacted as strict obedience as any feudal lord. He administered justice, and his judgments were invariably executed.

It was not till long after the English domination had ceased, and which had



As he was nearing La Roque he suddenly drew rein—he saw Noémi. She was seated on a mass of brown fallen leaves, and was plucking hellebore flowers.

furnished these ruffians with an excuse for their violence, that the plague of the Free Companies was put down. One of the very worst of all was that of the "Ecorcheurs," or Flayers, and had nothing whatever to do with the English. It was headed by Alexander de Bourbon, a mere boy, who had been given minor orders to enable him to hold a fat canonry. The Flayers professed "that all the horrors hitherto committed from the beginning of the war would be but as child's-play compared to their exploits."

A great council of Captains of Companies was held at Mende in the Gevaudan in 1435, when the soil of France—of Aquitaine, of Languedoc, of Provence—was parcelled up among them, each having his region allotted him in which to plunder and work havoc.

So long as the English held Aquitaine it was impossible for the Crown of France to control this terrible plague. Every baron, every little noble, as well as every great prince who found his liberty in the least touched, his misdeeds reproved, at once transferred his allegiance to the English crown, and the English king was too far off and too greatly in need of assistance to be nice in choosing his partisans and not to wink at their misdoings.

The money that had been taken from Levi was restored by Jean del' Poyra, but not without murmurs from those who had assisted in the capture of L'Eglise Guillem. The peasants could see the justice in surrendering every article recovered to the claimants who could establish their rights, and show that they had been plundered of these objects. Even the book of the Chanson de Geste of Guérin de

Who Guillem was, whence sprung, of what parents, no one knew. Whether he had any surname no one could say. Like many another Captain of the period, he had emerged from the common mass of adventurers by the force of his abilities, by his superior power, by his daring courage. It had been so with that redoubtless soldier of fortune "Le Petit Meschin,"* who from a scullion had risen to be the scourge of whole provinces, and to defeat and well-nigh exterminate a royal army under a prince of the blood. Even renegade priests had headed bands of brigands and distinguished themselves by their outrages of all laws human and divine.

The "Eglise Guillem" in the rocks of the left bank of the Vézère was no inheritance of the robber chief, but had been taken by him and occupied as a stronghold of his own, and none had dared to reclaim it and attempt to dislodge him till the attack by the peasants that has been recorded.

Jean felt that a painful obligation lay on him to see Noémi. Her father had met with a terrible death at the hands of his father, who had played with the wretched man as a cat with a mouse before he had cut the cord and precipitated him to his death. Le Gros Guillem had forfeited every right to command sympathy by his treatment of Ogier, in casting him down the *oubliette*, and then by his treacherous attempt to have him murdered by his two men-at-arms. Nevertheless, he was Noémi's father, and his mangled corpse lay between Jean and her, and across that and the terrible wrongs committed by the dead man

hands and looking down. She did not answer. Tears filled her eyes and trickled over her cheeks.

"Noémi," said he gravely, "you recall that incident by the charcoal-burner's lodge, that moment of terrible danger when the peasants, mad with revenge and success, and their hands stained with the blood of the wolves they had killed, would have torn you—?"

She did not answer. As she raised her hand with the hellebore wreath, he saw that the ring was on her finger where he had placed it.

"I said what I did then, and I placed on your finger that ring, which is indeed your own—as you had entrusted it to me to show to your father—and I declared before all present that you were affianced to me. It was so."

She bowed her head.

"But, Noémi, you know that this can never, never be."

She looked up quickly, sadly at him. Her eyes were full of tears.

Jean was deeply agitated.

"You must return me the ring, if only for the form's sake, so as to undo the pledge and dissolve the engagement. I will give it back to you as a surrender of a loan—as nothing else."

She put her fingers to the ring and drew it off, and without a word offered it to him.

He took the ring and looked at it, doubtful what more to say.

"Noémi," he asked, "whose arms are these engraved on it? They seem to me to belong to the Fénélon family."



"What are you doing, father?" asked Jean. The old man did not answer with words, but pointed to the floor. He had been trimming into shapeliness the crosses that marked the lives taken at the storming of l'Eglise.

Montglane had found an owner. Most of the ecclesiastical goods had been restored to churches. Articles of clothing had been divided among those who had helped to take and destroy the vultures' nest. This all seemed to them reasonable enough, but that so large a sum as a hundred livres should be surrendered to a dog of a Jew, solely because he had been despoiled of it—that was what they could not understand. If he had been robbed of the money, it was well—Jews were made to be plundered. Equal justice was not due to those who had crucified the Christ. Jean had, however, been firm, and had held to his intention. Rather than irritate the peasants to rebellion against his decision, he surrendered to them his entire share in the spoil of the robbers' stronghold.

The gratitude of the Jew at the unexpected recovery of his money was profuse. Jean paid little regard to his demonstration. A year later, and he had reason to congratulate himself on having done an act of justice, for Levi assisted him in the purchase of the Seigneurie of Les Eyzies, with its feudal stronghold and the flourishing village at its feet. But this is an event of the future. We are concerned now only with what took place in the memorable winter that saw the destruction of the band of Le Gros Guillem, and that preceded the great battle of Castillon, and the ruin of the English cause in Guyenne.

Jean had become exceedingly anxious to obtain tidings of Noémi. After the terrible death of her father, the butchering of his followers, the surrender of Domme, and the dispersion of the remainder of his band, he knew not what had become of her. She had relatives at La Roque—the Tardes, that he knew, and he was therefore satisfied that she was not homeless and destitute. But whether anything out of the wreck of Le Gros Guillem's accumulations had been preserved for her he was doubtful.

and the revengeful execution, it was full clear that the hands of Jean and Noémi could never meet.

But the word of affiance had been spoken, and spoken solemnly, before many witnesses, and it had been sealed with the giving of a ring. Such a word could not be broken. In popular superstition it bound even beyond the grave. Release could be had only by mutual consent and the restoration of the pledge. Jean rode to La Roque, full of trouble at heart. He loved Noémi; he greatly esteemed her. He saw in her a noble soul struggling to its birth with aspirations after something better than what she had known—gladly would he have taken her to be his, and helped this uncertain, restless, eager spirit to unfold its wings, to break out of its shell, to look up and to soar into a pure atmosphere, but it might not be. The terrible shadow of Le Gros Guillem, the awful story of the past, made this impossible.

As he was nearing La Roque he suddenly drew rein—he saw Noémi. She was seated on a mass of brown fallen leaves, and was plucking hellebore flowers. Even that act struck Jean to the heart. "She plays with poison—seeks out the noxious, the deadly," he said. He leaped to the ground, and holding the rein of his horse, came to her.

"Noémi, what are you doing?"

"I am making a chaplet for the grave of my father."

"Of hellebore?"

"What else suits? Would you have it of the innocent flower of the field? On such he trampled. They call this the wolf's flower—*enfin!* it is a flower!"

"Noémi, do you know why I have come?"

She stood up, holding the half-finished wreath in her

"Yes, they are the Fénélon arms."

"Was the ring—" he was about to ask if it had been stolen, but checked himself.

"It was my father's ring," she said in a low tone.

"Your father's! Was Le Gros Guillem a Fénélon?"

"Le Gros Guillem! Oh, no. Do you not know and understand?"

"Know! understand what?"

"Le Gros Guillem was not really my father; he carried off my mother from Fénélon along with me when I was an infant in arms. Le Gros Guillem killed my father, who was the Baron de Fénélon. But I was a child and was brought up at Domme. I knew nothing of that; Le Gros Guillem always treated me as his child and loved me as such; and I—I always called him and looked up to him as father."

"Noémi, is this true?"

She gazed at him full in the face. "I am no liar, Jean."

"Noémi—throw aside that hellebore! open your arms. To my heart! to my heart! Take back the ring; all is well, is well. Mine for ever!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ELEVENTH CROSS.

Ogier del' Peyra had returned to Le Peuch Ste. Soure. His appearance greatly astonished the people, as his beard and moustache had been shaved, and his hair, usually worn very thick and long, had been clipped close. So transformed was he in appearance that they could hardly recognise him. It was not till the story of the exploit of La Roque had reached them in its entirety that this transformation was understood.

Ogier would say nothing about what he had done. He relapsed into indifference and silence, and appeared morose and inaccessible. He took no interest in anything connected with his lands, none whatever in the great political events that ensued.

On September 20, 1452, John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, disembarked on the coast of Médoc and entered Bordeaux on the 22nd. Several small towns and fortresses surrendered. Then a large French army descended into Guyenne. On July 14, 1453, the main body, under the command of the Count of Penthievre and the Admiral Jean de Bueil, encamped at La Mothe-Montravel, and prepared to lay siege to Castillon, that was held by the English. Talbot at once quitted Bordeaux, accompanied by between eight hundred and a thousand horsemen, and followed by from four to five thousand foot soldiers. He arrived before Castillon on July 17.

At the approach of the English the French withdrew to their camp, and were followed by Talbot, who arrived breathless, his troops exhausted with a long march. Misinformed as to their numbers, believing that the French were retreating in alarm, without waiting to recruit his troops, the Earl of Shrewsbury resolved on storming the French camp.

The mistake was fatal. Not only did the French army vastly outnumber his own, not only was it fresh, while his troops were fagged, but their camp was well chosen and well defended with artillery that played upon the English from every side with disastrous effect. The defeat was complete. Talbot and his gallant son fell—and their death has been immortalised by Shakespeare. Nor has the great dramatist failed to point out the cause of the failure—the disunion among the English leaders.

This memorable battle prepared the way for the final deliverance of Guyenne and of France, not from English arms only, but from the plague of the Free Companies, which had grown and spread under the shadow of the English domination. At length the South, which as yet had not been in name even French, was absorbed into the kingdom and partook of the benefits of union and began to tingle with the life-blood of the nation.

Ogier de' Peyra resigned all concern relative to his estates into the hands of his son, or rather the management was taken from him by Jean because the old man could or would attend to nothing himself. Whether his mind had been affected by his imprisonment in the *oubliette*, or whether the inactivity was constitutional, and when the necessity for exertion and the motive for revenge were passed he could no longer rouse himself to action, remained uncertain. He had expressed no surprise when Jean brought Noémie to Le Peuch as its mistress. He accepted whatever happened as a matter of course.

For long he did absolutely nothing but sit in the sun and bite pieces of twig and straw. If addressed, he replied only with a "Yes" or "No," and gave tokens of annoyance if anyone was persistent in forcing a conversation. Whether he was thinking of the past, or thinking of nothing at all, none could say. Most certainly he gave no thought to the future, for he made no provision for the morrow, and left everything to Jean.

At last he became feeble, and when feeble, suddenly took it into his head to absent himself for a good part of the day.

On inquiry Jean learned that he crossed the river, taking with him a hammer and chisel; and he was informed that the old man had been seen scrambling up the slope to the ruins of l'Eglise Guille. One day, accordingly, Jean went after him, and on reaching the cave habitation found his father seated on the floor, engaged in chipping with his tools.

"What are you doing, father?" asked Jean.

The old man did not answer with words, but pointed to the floor. He had been trimming into shapeliness the crosses that marked the lives taken at the storming of l'Eglise.

"But there are eleven, father," said Jean, pointing to one larger than the rest, fresh cut.

The old man nodded. "For Le Gros Guille," he said. "I killed him."

THE END.

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SOLITUDE OR BAD COMPANY?

BY ANDREW LANG.

I have always felt sure that there was a moral somewhere in Mr. Stevenson's novel "The Ebb-Tide." But what the moral was, except that the Deuce is not so black as he is painted, had escaped my research. The murderous cad is plucky; the helpless hero likes his Virgil; the ruffian captain is fond of his "kids"; and the evangelical pearl-fisher has courage. But that moral is not new. Bill Sikes, I dare say, was plucky; in fact, you cannot be a perfect blackguard without nerve. Mr. Eugene Aram was fond of study; Nero was literary and handsome; Lord Lovat was as brave as Keppoch; so was Mr. Stevenson's old friend, James Mohr, whom Lord Albemarle justly described as "a notorious scoundrel." Of course one might moralise a great deal on the relation of courage to the other virtues. Mr. Stevenson's hero is not very brave, but he is not such an inexpressible beast as his Cockney cad: there is more good in him by a long way. A brave man may be the worst of men, like Lovat; and many a man with little courage is reasonably good and indifferent honest. So I have not found out the moral, but Mr. Zangwill has found it out. It seems to be capable of this rough statement: that any company is better than none, with the corollary that in fiction a great deal may be done by bringing people together who would not otherwise

warnings, I verily believe that the former was, and that the latter is, capable of rather enjoying such queer society, enjoying it with a very keen look-out for strange chances. On a desert island, it is held, anyone can get on with anyone. An Impressionist and a Royal Academician, I think M. Zangwill suggests, could be on intimate terms in a desert island. Perhaps; yet one is convinced that the most lonely of islands would be better than some company. Friday I might have put up with, but not with Mr. Stevenson's Mr. Huish. I would have put to sea in a sieve rather than have shared the society of his Mr. Attwater. The captain would have driven me into a cave; though, given bread-fruit enough, I could have endured the incompetent Virgilian enthusiast. Probably most men and women are like this: there are individuals whom they cannot and will not stand. Better the lonely estate of Robinson Crusoe than solitude *à deux*, with Tom, Dick, or Harry for the other of the pair. There may be no harm in Tom, Dick, or Harry, but we cannot "thole" them. We do not say that we are more righteous than they, but only that they are not our sort. Villains and dull intelligent people drive us "away to the hills and away to the rocks." Put us on a desert island with them, and the story has but one chapter, ending with murder or suicide. These are melancholy limitations, and people of great genius may escape from them. Voltaire, in a letter to his niece,

brags of an unquotable amount of tolerance on his side. Probably Shakespeare really had as much: he forgives everybody, all round, and has no sneaking love of a humorous rogue. Scott would never have fled with a shriek from the company of a harmless lady, as Shelley is said to have done. Mr. Stevenson probably, to judge by his tales, sucks much entertainment out of odd society, and he gives me the impression that he yearns for a talk with Bully Hayes. We know that Wainewright, the aesthete and poisoner, sat at good men's feasts. No subliminal self whispered to Charles Lamb that this abominable thing was—what he was. It is hardly worth while to have a subliminal self on these terms, as Memnon said about the Guardian Genius. Thackeray, who could detect and reject a scoundrel "on instinct," must have endured a great deal more of Costigan and Foker and the Mulligan than most of us would put up with, except in fiction. Men of great genius are so made—luckily for the rest of us, who shrink, like the sensitive plant, from uncongenial contact. Perhaps we ought to be ashamed of ourselves; but as Panurge reckoned that he was growing old from his increased dread of bad wine, so age may declare itself by an increased disinclination to meet tedious or noisy or scantily reputable company. The wise Hindoo, at about forty-five, retires to the forest for lonely contemplation. Often one wishes there were a forest handy; and Scott himself expresses a desire for a comfortable cavern, with plenty of books. But when he wrote that passage he had grown old.

NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

The appointment of Lord Sandhurst to succeed Lord Harris as Governor of the Bombay Presidency seems to be well liked in India for the sake of his father, the first Lord Sandhurst, sometime Commander-in-Chief, whose military services and merits, as General Sir William Mansfield, were asso-

ciated with memorable campaigns of the Indian Mutiny war. He was, indeed, one of the ablest and most distinguished commanding officers of that time. In one respect Lord Sandhurst's appointment resembles that of the Earl of Elgin, whose father preceded him in the high office he holds as Governor-General of India. The hereditary principle will thus have two examples in India. Lord Sandhurst was born Aug. 21, 1855, so that he has only passed his thirty-ninth birthday; Lord Harris, it may be mentioned, was thirty-eight on his attaining to the Governorship of Bombay. Lord Sandhurst was formerly lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards. He was a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen from 1880 to 1885. For a few months in 1886 he was Under-Secretary of State for War in Mr. Gladstone's Administration, and since 1892 he has filled the same post. As a junior member of the Government he has had little opportunity for showing publicly his ability, but he is credited with businesslike methods and a capacity for organisation which ought to prove useful in his new sphere. As a speaker he is addicted to the pleasant and rare gift of brevity, and on the few occasions when he has addressed the House of Lords he has accomplished the task with a success which promises well for the future. His mother, who died in 1892, was elected as a member of the first London County Council, but by a decision of the Queen's Bench was afterwards disqualified from holding that position. Lord Sandhurst is brother-in-law to Earl Spencer, whose sister he married in 1881. He is a great-grandson of the celebrated Chief Justice Mansfield.



Photo by Elliott and Fry.
LORD SANDHURST, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

meet. Thus, in another of Mr. Stevenson's works, "The Wrecker," his hero finds innocent and creditable tastes and instincts, and even honourable motives, in a professional blackmailer. Very probably they exist, these finer emotions, in the abandoned and depraved. Our characters are not all of a piece. Many a saint, as Dr. Holmes says, is a sinner who has not got "down to hard pan"—to the bottom of his nature. Circumstances have never offered him his price, so he continues honest. This is a terrible truth for all of us, and we acknowledge it when we say "Lead us not into temptation." Still, all these ethical reflections hardly need illustration, and are remote from novelty.

The practical question is, Should we associate with all and sundry, keeping a watchful eye for the veins of good or agreeable in the quartz of odious or uncongenial character? Should we be friendly with ruffians, bounders, Philistines, blackmailers, people sanctimonious, and so forth? Probably a man who loves humanity, and reads it like a book eternally interesting, may not loathingly associate with bores, rowdies, Philistines, popular preachers, burglars, aesthetes, and the rest. I have no doubt that Scott could endure almost anybody—murderers, tourists, dull old conceited peers, poachers, fops: with aesthetes he had little trouble. He got good out of all of them; but Mrs. Ritchie has just been telling us that Mr. Thackeray avoided a friendly person who became a forger, and another whom he knew in some mystic way to have been a murderer. If Scott or if Mr. Stevenson had these mystic



"SOFT EYES LOOKED LOVE."

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

If Chambaslin, the journeyman baker from the Faubourg St. Honoré, knew anything about the Greek Anthologia, he might address the shade of the departed Ferdinand de Lesseps with the lines with which Antipater Sidonius addressed the shade of Anacreon—

Thus, after death, if shades can feel
Thou mayst, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming.

For Chambaslin has just drawn the big prize in the Panama Lottery, and is made for life. Chambaslin, who worked with his uncle, bought, at the latter's suggestion, a Panama Lottery bond, which bond has just gained £20,000, while his uncle's eleven bonds were left at the bottom of the urn. We may take it that neither the uncle nor the nephew is very familiar with the classics, or else the elder of the two might exclaim, "Sic vos, non vobis."

Of course I shall be told that a lottery means gambling, and that gambling is wicked. Gambling is very wicked—especially unsuccessful gambling. I doubt, however, whether any of the Continental nations will ever come to look at it in that light. Ex-Queen Isabella opined one day that every man and woman ought to leave the door ajar for

indebted to the amount of £20,000. In spite of the exertions of the various and succeeding incumbents, forty years went by before building was resumed. The then vicar, Languet de Gercy, tried borrowing and begging like the majority of his predecessors, and with equal want of success. At last he petitioned the Government for the authorisation to open a lottery; his request was granted, and the money flocked in.

It is not the only instance within my knowledge where an ecclesiastic took to gambling "for the glory of the Highest." In the days of Bénazet, the predecessor of the famous François Blanc, of Monte Carlo fame, the banks employed travelling touts, who took up their quarters at fashionable hotels, just as the tout for the St. James's Street money-lender does nowadays. The tout was supposed to be a private gentleman who had just returned from the gaming-tables, where, of course, he had won a pot of money. He recounted his victory at the table-d'hôte, and generally managed to secure a victim. Equally of course, he went back with him to Homburg, just for friendship's sake.

Railways were scarce in those days, and one night Kléber, a famous tout of that period, found himself close to the Bavarian frontier, and had to ask hospitality at a vicarage. Kléber was not his real name—no one ever knew that; but he had adopted the name of Bonaparte's

"THE CHIEFTAIN."

The production of "The Chieftain" at the Savoy the other day seems to restore that theatre to something of its old rank among the London theatres. Not altogether, perhaps; despite the judgment of *Punch* that "Sir Arthur and Sir Author" were "perfectly mated," it is not to be denied that the mating is not so perfect as that between Mr. Gilbert and the musician. Mr. Burnand's libretto is, indeed, free from those utmost vices of folly which distinguish the majority of comic opera books of the day; but if it draws well within that extreme on the one side, it falls considerably short of the wonderful and individual brilliancy of Mr. Gilbert's accomplishment in the same line. With which introduction we may pass to Sir Arthur Sullivan's particular achievement.

The first part of the first act is decidedly pleasant, but not specially remarkable. The overture barely hints the character of the subsequent music, although it contains a Mendelssohnian jest which is destined later to a very humorous fulfilment. The openings of comic opera, to say the truth, in Sir Arthur Sullivan's hands, never worked up to any decided level of brilliancy or even high spirits; and the course, on the part of the musician, is a wise one. For he leads you on, as it were, gently and without a shock, into developments of delightful gaiety and true humour. The finale of the first act is joyfully effective, but it is a distinct bid



"THE CHIEFTAIN," NEW COMIC OPERA BY F. C. BURNAND AND SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Dame Fortune to enter if she lists, and in that respect at least the ex-Queen of Spain represents the opinion of the majority of the Latin races, if not of the Teutonic. Municipal lotteries still exist in many large cities in Germany; there is a State lottery in Holland. I know both these countries pretty well, and I honestly confess that I have failed to see the evil effects of lotteries. The hard-working artisan who buys a ticket for a florin or two puts it in his drawer and scarcely gives it a thought afterwards. He does not neglect his work at every moment of the day to inquire about his chances, for, whatever the fate of his stake may be, he will have to wait for a few months before that fate is decided. He cannot stake his money at 9 a.m. and know the result at 4 p.m., the intervening hours having been spent meanwhile in a kind of excitement that must necessarily interfere with the due performance of his work and duties. If he be successful, or the reverse, he cannot stake again next morning and be on the tenterhooks of expectation for another six or seven hours. Neither at Hamburg nor Bremen, the Hague (where the drawing of the Dutch State Lottery takes place), nor Amsterdam will one witness the scenes that are almost of daily occurrence for at least eight months out of the twelve in Fleet Street. "A bon entendeur, salut."

Lotteries in France, whatever English opponents may say to the contrary, have had their uses. But for a lottery, that magnificent church of Saint Sulpice, the outside of which gladdens the eyes of even the most indifferent to the beauties of architectural design, would not be in existence. The work had been begun, but the means to complete it were absolutely failing. In fact, about 1678, operations had come to a standstill, the Chapter being

famous general on account of his likeness to him. Kléber's host on that occasion was a simple-minded priest, much exercised in his mind for the want of twenty-five thousand francs, the sum required to complete the fifty thousand francs the estimated cost of a splendid steeple to his otherwise humble church. That steeple had been the dream and ambition of his life, and he confided his troubles to Kléber, who, notwithstanding his avocation, was a fervent Catholic.

Kléber saw his opportunity at once, and notwithstanding the misgivings that assailed him for a fortnight, he at the end of that time proposed a journey to Homburg as a last resource. The honest priest reluctantly consented, doffed his shovel-hat and gown, and provided with the five-and-twenty thousand francs he had managed to collect from the faithful, repaired to the tables. Kléber began the struggle almost at once, and though his composure never forsook him, those who knew him fancied that then he was more earnest than usual. At the end of a fortnight the money had not increased, and the good, simple-minded curé felt the necessity of saying Mass. Next morning Kléber took his charge to a small village called Waldenfels, the vicar of which he knew, and it was arranged that the French priest should officiate on the following Sunday. On that day at early Mass the little church was crowded; the report of the affair had got wind; the *habitues* as well as the *personnel* of the tables came to swell the ordinary congregation. What was more, Kléber took an active part in the ceremony: he assisted the good priest as an acolyte, having previously, to be thoroughly within his part, made the sacrifice of his magnificent whiskers. A week later the priest returned to his home with the complete money for his steeple.

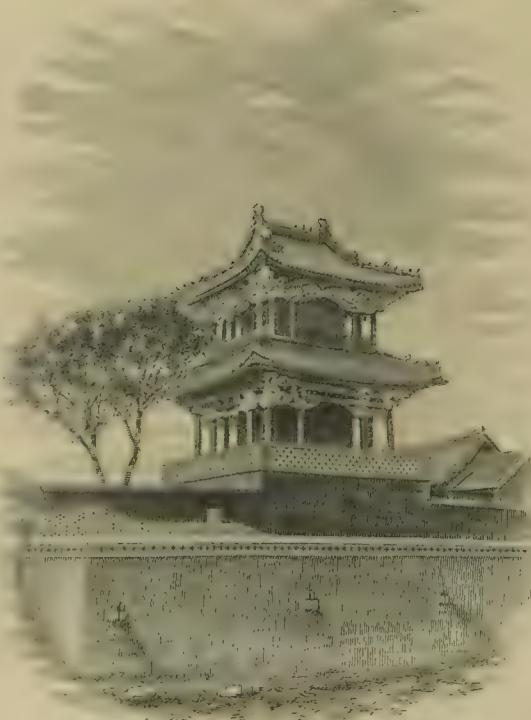
for the popular suffrage, and, as such, is to be reckoned at a certain inferior valuation. The second act, however, is, from a musical point of view, nothing more or less than a humorous masterpiece in miniature. Mr. Courtice Pounds' song "Up in the morning early" inaugurates the exquisitely sham spirit of what is to follow, which endures the passage of a climax until the French song between Mr. Pounds and Miss St. John, which for subtle parody and tense humour is unmatched even in Sir Arthur Sullivan's repertory. But, indeed, it would be superfluous to select from this act where all is so genuinely delightful. If a comic opera cannot sail to success upon such a second act, the public is—to quote an immortal—"a Hass"! It is to be added that Miss St. John makes a charming heroine. She sings with taste and acts with refinement. Even her peculiar pronunciation has, in this connection, some fascinations. Mr. Courtice Pounds, despite the obvious weakness of his voice, is an attractive hero; and Mr. Walter Passmore is sincerely entertaining. The piece is mounted with due attention to the Savoy tradition.

It has been forgotten by various writers that long before the partnership of Mr. Arthur Sullivan with Mr. W. S. Gilbert commenced, the former had written with Mr. F. C. Burnand "Contrabandista" and "Cox and Box." Probably there would have been further results of this collaboration had not Mr. Burnand become busily engaged in other fields. In the book of "The Chieftain" there are more instances of elaborate rhyming than the punning, which comes so easily to Mr. Burnand. The libretto is thoroughly up-to-date in its methods, and the author's familiar acquaintance with the French language has a large share in the success of the French song, to which allusion is made above.

MANCHURIAN DEITIES.

It was lately announced that at a season of flood the great Viceroy Li Hung-Chang had offered sacrifice with much outward circumstance to a snake which had found its way into a Buddhist temple, and which was supposed to be the personification of the Dragon rain-god; and much surprise was expressed that so enlightened a man should have behaved in so benighted a manner. But the East is full of such contradictions, and on every side we see that the most advanced thinkers are firm believers in the most mundane superstitions. Even the Emperor himself, who would be outraged at the idea of being anything but a Confucianist, modified by a belief in Shang Ti, or God, hobnobs with fairies and all kinds of local deities, and promotes or degrades them in the divine hierarchy with as much indifference as though he were handling the fortunes of so many viceroys or governors. An educated Chinaman, when seated comfortably in his study chair, would indignantly deny that he believed in any of the hosts of Heaven. But when evil befalls him or danger threatens, he finds it quite consistent with his dignity to offer incense to all kinds of strange deities, not excluding the anthropomorphic forms of divine animals.

It is an inevitable result of enlightenment and the higher forms of religion that the more material faiths of a people are scattered before them; and just as in continental India Buddhism has been banished northwards into Nepaul and southwards into the island of Ceylon, so the more pure fetish-worship of China has to a great extent been driven into the less cultured districts of Manchuria. The worship which are half-veiled in China are there laid open to the public gaze; and while the people have adopted with the pigtailed of China the religions of Tao and Buddha—as the pagodas and Lama monuments which are constantly to be met with indicate—they have seized on the more unsophisticated beliefs of the Celestial Empire with avidity. The medleys of faiths which are commonly to be met



TEMPLE TO THE GOD OF LITERATURE, ON THE CITY WALL, MUKDEN.

thus to honour is the Spirit of the Hills, who in a mountainous country such as Manchuria is regarded as an invaluable protector against the attacks and ravages of wild beasts. He is commonly represented with a villainously black face and carrying an axe over his shoulder, while a tiger or a bear marches beside him, with a subdued

and pacific demeanour. To the materially minded Manchurians his power is especially valuable. Their hills abound with gold, and their soil is productive of that precious plant, the ginseng, which restores vigour to debilitated young men and youth to those who are grey-headed. It is doubtful which of these two products is the more valuable. The best ginseng, that which is sent to the Palace at Peking, is worth its weight in gold, but has the disadvantage of being found in less quantities than the precious metal. Over both these treasures trove the Spirit of the Hills stands guardian, and his favour is

life to the woodmen and wealth-seekers on the hills. Another popular deity is the god of war, who carries a sword and protects the district from all its enemies. His origin was far from celestial, and his deification was won on Chinese battle-fields, where he devoted his life to his country's cause. With these two are often associated in the temples the god of literature, at whose

altar the candidates for examination continually bend the knee and offer incense, and in whose special honour one of the most beautiful temples in Mukden has been raised; the god of wealth; the fire-king, with a red beaming face and three eyes, one of which protrudes from his forehead in such a manner as to enable him to keep a watch on all sides for conflagrations; the god of horses; the god of cows, who should be especially busy at the present time, if it should enter into his divine counsel to put a stop to the rinderpest, which is raging in the country; the god of insects, with the gods of medicine and of rain. All these deities are invariably accompanied by their appropriate attributes.

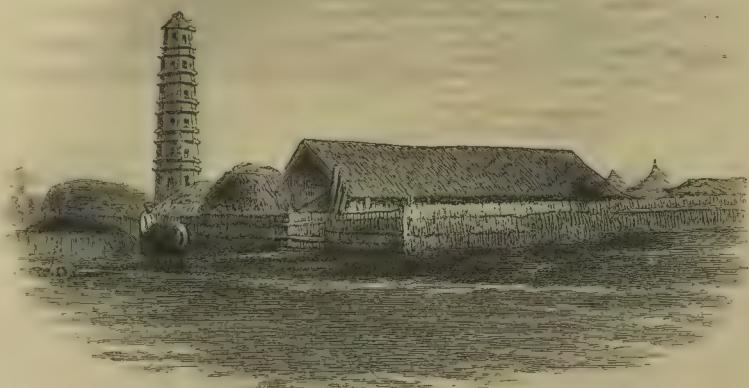
But the god of gods is the fox. By far the greater number of shrines all over the country contain the tablet of "His honour Mr. Fox"; and, curiously enough, over the larger shrines commonly occur the familiar words, "Ask and ye shall receive." In the temples raised to his honour, of which there is a very fine specimen at Mukden, he is represented in human form, with a peculiarly sly expression of eye, and a long flowing beard. His powers are as great as they are varied, and he has the supreme distinction of being able at will to assume the forms of beautiful women. Many stories are told of his wiles when in this shape. If reports are true, the number of young men who have been deluded by his feminine graces is portentously large, and raises a suspicion that youths who have gone astray have adopted the mean subterfuge of describing the ladies whom they have loved as personifications of the deity. As a dispenser of medicine his help to the sick is invaluable, and in exchange for small offerings he prescribes, through the mouths of his priests, for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Spiritualistic mediums find in him a most efficacious familiar spirit. He puts into their mouths words of unfailing wisdom and knowledge, and enables them to prophesy with unerring surety. He is an inveterate trickster, and like "Brer Rabbit" of American folklore,



LAMA MONUMENT OUTSIDE MUKDEN.

with in Chinese temples, where Buddhist gods stand cheek by jowl with Taoist saints, is intensified in Manchuria, where, in addition to these representatives of the two great religions, numbers of local deities, for the cure of diseases, the preservation of crops, and protection against disaster, are thrown in to make confusion worse confounded.

Travellers in China are accustomed to the wayside shrines which are found at village corners. But in Manchuria they meet with them everywhere, by the lane-side, at the angles of roads, on mountain paths, or in forest clearings, and the shapes they take are as diverse as the positions they occupy. The circumstances of the builder or builders determine the materials of which they are made and the forms they assume. Some are merely constructed with three stones—two uprights and a flat one on the top—others are made of wattle, while the more elaborate are built of bricks and are covered in with the upturned roofs so dear to Chinese architects. But, whatever shape they take, they invariably contain the tablets of the gods in whose names they have been erected. One of the favourite deities whom the Manchurians delight



PAGODA, SOUTH OF MUKDEN.

succeeds in imposing on man and beast with unvarying success.

Next in public estimation to the fox comes the stoat, who is as mischievous as the fox, and possesses almost as great a power of healing. Mr. James, in his "Long White Mountain," tells a curious story of how by means

of this deity a sick man sought to rid himself from his ailment. The sorcerer who was called in to invoke the spirit, after having tied a hen by the invalid's head, summoned a stoat in stentorian tones to appear and exorcise the evil. On the evidence of an eyewitness, Mr. James tells us that in obedience to the summons a large stoat came out of a hole in the *kang*, or brick bed-place, and incontinently carried off the fowl, to the intense delight of all concerned. In this particular case, however, the deity, though accepting the hen, declined to cure, and the man went the way of all flesh. But in similar cases it is always open to the disappointed patient to go elsewhere, and if neither "His Excellency the Asthma" or "Mr. Muscle and Bone-Pain" should fail to restore him to health, he can always have recourse to "Mr. Imperfect-in-every-Part-of-his-Body."



TEMPLE OF THE FOX, MUKDEN.

GENERAL GOURKO.

On Dec. 18, at St. Petersburg, in celebration of the name-day of the Emperor Nicholas, a number of decorations and promotions were announced. The most prominent among them is the bestowal of the rank of Field-Marshal-General upon General Gourko, in recognition of "the important services rendered by him to the throne and the Fatherland, especially during the last Russo-Turkish War." The Emperor at the same time accedes to the General's request to be relieved, on the ground of shattered health, of his posts of Governor-General of Warsaw and Commander of the Warsaw Military District.

This distinguished soldier of the Russian Empire, Count Nicholas Vasilyevitch Gourko, is of Polish family, and is not quite seventy years of age. He first held a commission in the Imperial Body-Guard, in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas I. Having fought in the Crimea, and won promotion by acts of bravery, he attained the rank of Captain in 1857, that of Colonel in 1861, became Commander of the 4th Regiment of Hussars in 1866, and Major-General in the next year. The war between Russia and Turkey in 1877 gave to General Gourko his opportunities of gaining wider military renown. Acting as leader of the advanced column of the Russian army in Bulgaria, he crossed the Danube, captured the town of Tirnova, on July 7, pushed on to the Balkan mountain range, and entered its rugged defiles, where he was assailed by the Turks with an overpowering superiority of numbers. General Gourko then entrenched a position in the Shipka Pass, which he defended with stubborn tenacity for ten days, from Aug. 21 to the end of that month, and at length forced the enemy to withdraw. Later in the Bulgarian Campaign, being appointed to command the cavalry in the forces of Prince Charles of Roumania, General Gourko covered the position of the besieging army round the great fortress of Plevna, and on Nov. 18 beat off, at Orkhanieh, the strong force of Mahomet Ali Pasha, then approaching to the relief of that fortress. No sooner had its surrender been obtained than he led his troops again to the Balkans, which he crossed amid furious snowstorms in December, and on Jan. 6 occupied the city of Sofia. He subsequently marched on to Adrianople, and remained in command there during the settlement of an armistice, which was prolonged into negotiations for peace. General Gourko's services in that war earned him considerable personal rewards; the title of Count, the civil and military command



Photo by Jan Mierzowski, Warsaw.

GENERAL GOURKO, LATE GOVERNOR OF WARSAW.

in Poland, which he is said to have exercised harshly, and various honours and pensions.

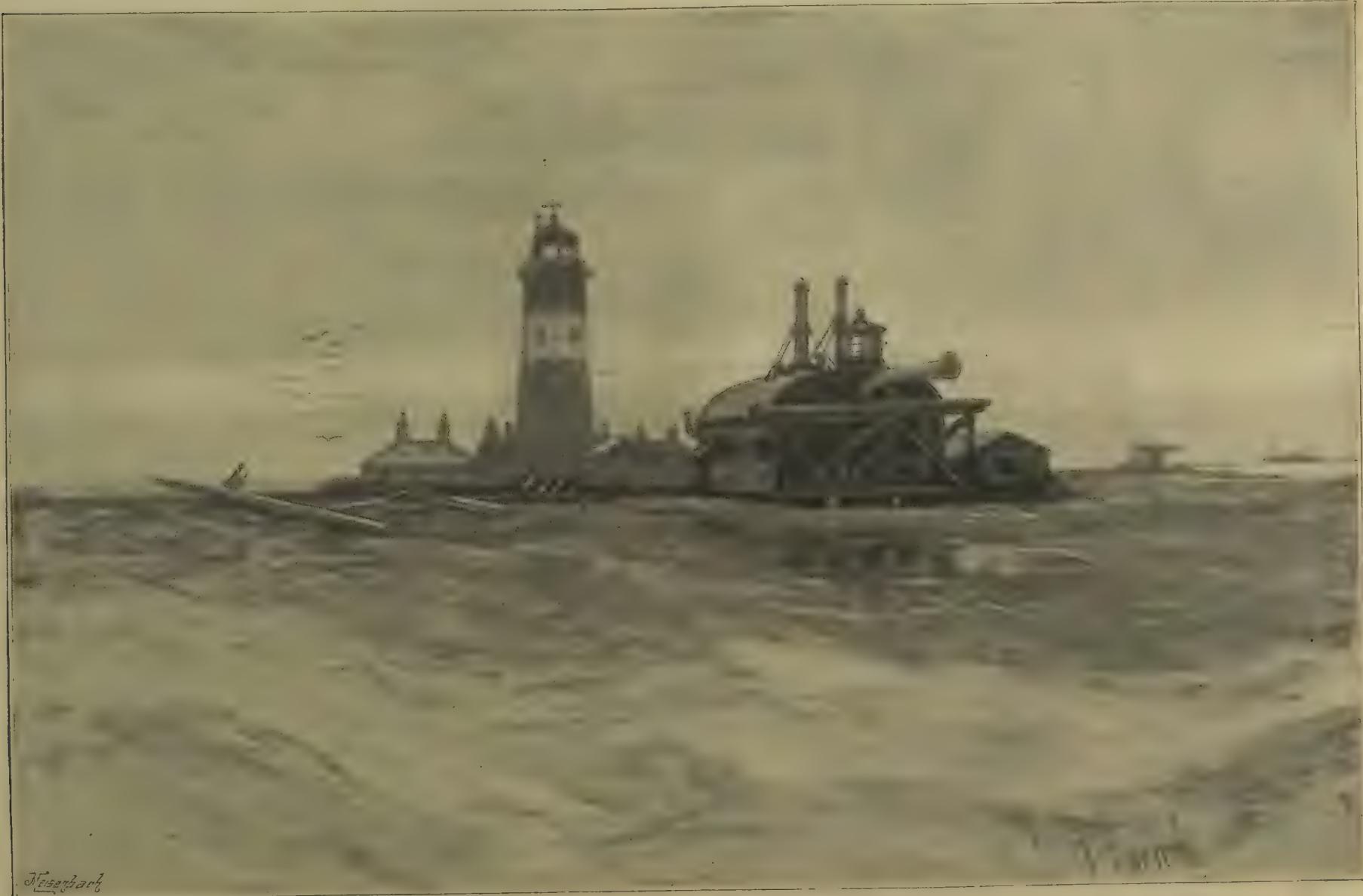
The successor appointed to General Gourko is Count Shuvaloff, latterly Russian Ambassador at Berlin, and who was, at one period, at the Embassy in London. The province of Warsaw has a population of one million and a half, while that of the whole of Poland is about eight millions and a quarter. Its administration, since 1868, has been absolutely incorporated with that of Russia.

THE DUNGENESS FOG-HORN.

That low, flat, dreary tract of Kentish sea-side marsh, projecting far into the English Channel from Lydd and Romney, nearly opposite the French chalk cliff of Cape Grisnez and the Varne Light in mid-sea, at the south-west entrance to the Straits of Dover, which is called Dungeness, has witnessed many dreadful shipwrecks and great loss of life. British, French, and German ironclads, passenger steamers crowded with emigrant families, merchant-vessels richly laden, have there run aground, to be torn and battered to pieces by the force of winds and waves furiously beating upon them, either from the south-west or from north-east, in the mighty clash of waters between the German Ocean and the up-flowing currents of the Atlantic. Still greater is the frequent danger of the dense fogs, naturally besetting a space where seas and atmospheric regions of different temperature meet each other, and where the darkening vapour, clinging to the moist ground of the marshes, remains long after the face of the drier cliffs.

at other points of our southern coast, has been cleared of fog and mist by the lightest breeze. Dungeness, though within the extensive range of pilotage belonging to the port of London, is not a home-like place for our inward or outward navigation; and there are times and seasons when the master of a vessel is glad to have got safely past that uninviting vicinity. The lighthouse there, whose guiding splendour, about ten miles west of the Varne Light, suffices on a tolerably clear night for safe passage from the narrow part of the Channel, may be almost useless in a thick fog; and then is heard the doleful sound of the great steam-horn warning vessels not to come too near, to beware of treacherous drifts and currents setting landward, and to keep the open sea. The strand from Dungeness trending north-west is a deadly trap for those caught by such currents and missing their right course in the blinding mist that lies far and wide over sea and land—a piece of land with

no conspicuous feature even in broad and clear daylight, but invisible on a foggy night. The very name of Dungeness is one of the most dismal in the topography of our maritime shores; and many are the tales of sad destruction, of multitudes of deaths, of hundreds drowned, of survivors on the masts or in the rigging exposed for many hours to the chilling storm, which are recorded in the gloomy history of this place. From all which calamities may each sailor and each passenger now afloat be spared!



THE FOG-HORN AT DUNGENESS LIGHTHOUSE.



A SHEPHERD'S CHRISTMAS-TIME.



CUTTING FOR PARTNERS.

LITERATURE.

JANE AUSTEN IN RETROSPECT.

BY MRS. MEYNELL.

Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. (Ruskin House; George Allen.)—We are not sure that we like Miss Austen in your clear, open print and good white paper; or with your legible label outside; or with your charming retrospective feeling for form and costume in the illustrations; or—more than all—with your tracery of ungeneralised trees and glimpses of nature with a sun in it. For Miss Austen's landscapes, which are always, always parks, or grounds with a "carriage-sweep" at the least, were fitly represented by the familiar little embrowned engravings which showed the "foliage"—foliage with no fidgety species about it—the country house "of handsome modern style, well situated upon rising ground," and a small classical temple in the shade. There is something between annoyance and pleasure in finding her admirable heroines, not in modern dress, not with modern manners indeed, but in something even more essentially modern—which is a modern version of the past.

Mr. Hugh Thomson makes them look extremely pretty, and he has taken pains with the details of the costume; he commits none of the anachronisms which Mr. George Du Maurier allows himself habitually in order to make the fashions of the past more graceful in the eyes of to-day. None the less do we wonder whether Miss Austen would know Jane and Elizabeth again if she could see them in this charming edition. Nay, none of Elizabeth's real friends of any degree of intimacy can recognise her here. Miss Austen, as Mr. Saintsbury says in a pleasing introduction, "was always provokingly chary of description in regard to her beauties; and, except the fine eyes, and a hint or two that Elizabeth had, at any rate, sometimes a bright complexion, and was not very tall, we hear nothing about her looks." Not so. A really devoted reader knows more of dear Elizabeth Bennet than that. The eyes were not only fine—in this she did but share with all young women of heroic quality—we are told that they were also dark; we know from the speeches they interpreted that they were capable of burlesque and of romance. And because the other girl said her face was too thin we know that it was slender; because she said her colour was brown we know that it was dark. No, there is no lack of evidence of the most valuable kind. It is, then, in the teeth of it all that Mr. Hugh Thomson has conceived a blonde Elizabeth, tall, too young for irony, with the charming profile of the Kate Greenaway tradition, the girlish profile which is as little of a profile as it can possibly be, and which never could have been the profile to chaff Mr. Darcy to his lofty young nose, and to withstand the aquiline outline of Lady Catherine. These things did Elizabeth with the face and figure that Miss Austen gave her. In one of Mr. Hugh Thomson's drawings—that which shows her at the piano, at page 31—she is but a doll.

With the young men the illustrator is happier. He has drawn them with exceeding grace, and if he has given them an average of ten to twelve heads of height, their "consequence" (dear word, consecrated to Miss Austen!) almost demands it. In burlesque he is quite successful. Nothing could be better than his Mrs. Bennet. He has matched her mind. Miss Austen presents to us in her novel, but does not explicitly state, and makes no kind of attempt to solve, the problem, Why did Mr. Bennet marry Mrs. Bennet? An illustration might possibly have offered some attempt at solution by making Mrs. Bennet handsome, or at least not ridiculous; but no illustration was, we hold, bound to do so. For a similar problem is presented to us all many times in the course of our lives; and in the cases we know the problem is complete and insoluble—that is to say, the Mrs. Bennets of real life are not handsome. Therefore, Mr. Hugh Thomson was quite right not to deny himself the opportunity of comedy. His Mrs. Bennet is not handsome. Let Miss Austen and human nature bear the burden of the question why Mr. Bennet married her. Mr. Hugh Thomson was not called upon to bear it. His Mr. Collins is also good comedy of an extremely broad and obvious kind, but with this we need not quarrel. He has, however, made this excellent man at least fifty years old; Miss Austen makes him twenty-five. The artist might have given us even more comedy and less prettiness, and we should not have complained. "The officers of the—shire" enter the room on page 97 with life enough, but we should have been glad to see more of "Uncle Philips, who followed them, breathing port wine." By-the-way, who is not reminded of Dickens's still more excellent Uncle Pumblechook at the funeral, "breathing sherry and crumbs?" Sherry does far better. It is, as it were, more breathable. But, indeed, Miss Austen is full of prophecies of Thackeray, Dickens, and of the best in Anthony Trollope.

A more serious word, finally, as to the illustrations. Character and prettiness apart, they are not fundamentally well drawn, as even slighter things than these should be. It is not that they are ill drawn; they are *not* drawn. The figures have no grip of the ground or of their chairs—no weight. They hold on to existence by their pretty outlines, but otherwise they would fall away. It is well to mention it, because several of our ornamental illustrators have this serious lack of drawing.

LADY LINDSAY'S NEW POEMS.

Lady Lindsay's name is not found in the book of "English Poetesses," put forth by Mr. Eric Robertson in 1883; nor does it appear in Mrs. William Sharp's anthology, "Women's Voices," published in 1887. What verses Lady Lindsay had written before those dates—and her readers will conjecture them to be many—she has published since or not at all. Her "Lyrics" belonging to the present decade, and followed by "A String of Beads," only two years ago, secure for her an honourable place in any future collection. And now comes a new volume called, *The King's Last Vigil, and Other Poems* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.), of more importance, in size and in range of subject if not in art and

beauty, than either of its predecessors. The first poem, which gives the book its name, has for its motive the saying efficacy of even one good act in the life of an otherwise unprofitable king. It is an old motive, but it always comes with the pleasure of a surprise. It lies behind the legend of the Penitent Thief; and behind the legend of Judas's liberation from Limbo to float on an iceberg in recognition of his single gift of a cup of cold water to some parched mouth. It is the motive again of Mr. John Davidson's fine creation of the woman who, having done one deed of courage, could not keep her place in craven hell. It reappears in the German story of "Gross," which Miss Blanche Willis Howard has made familiar to English readers under the name of the "Humming Top"—the toy which the great Chancellor gave to the cripple and which became his one passport into heaven. What the solitary good deed of Lady Lindsay's King was she does not specify. It is enough that it was done. And her verses move to the inspiration of it.

A new, as well as a charmingly simple and sincere note is struck by Lady Lindsay in her lines—

TO MY OWN FACE.

A greeting to thee, O most trusty friend!
Thou hast so steadfastly companioned me.
What other, say, in this can equal thee
Who cam'st to life with me, with me shalt end!
Poor face of mine! I right often dost thou lend
A smile to hide some smileless thoughts that be
Bound deep in heart, and oft thy kind eyes see
My soul's great grief, and bid their ears attend.
Ah! childish fairness, seeming near, yet far,
Prized tenderly by dear ones passed away,
Fain I'd recall it! Next an oval grace
Of girlhood; for thy woman's sorrows are
Stamped now on lips and forehead day by day,
Yet God's own image thou—O human face!

This is the dignified expression of a natural sentiment, such as many men have towards, say, the hand that works for them, and nearly every woman must familiarly feel for her face. If there is sadness in the tone, there is no whine. For all this, and for much more that her volume gives us of answering charm, Lady Lindsay holds the respect and admiration of her readers.

W. M.

THE EVERSLY "CANTERBURY TALES."

Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Edited by A. W. Pollard. Two vols. (Eversley Series.) (London: Macmillan and Co.)—Mr. Pollard, in his brief preface to this new edition of the "Canterbury Tales," has told us something of its origin. There are critics, ambitious of showing a Roman indifference to petty considerations, who will have it that it does not in the least matter what were an author's or an editor's reasons for bringing a book into the world. In so far as there may be too much tendency at the present day to personal chatter, there may be something in this; but as a general principle it is decidedly churlish and even not a little silly. In the present instance Mr. Pollard's reasons were very good reasons, and his book is a very good book. It seems that for some years past he had been under a contract to bring out, with Dr. Furnivall, a complete library edition of Chaucer. But while this tarried, Professor Skeat was ready with his own great edition, and it was very wisely decided that two library issues of Chaucer could do little more than cut each other's throat. So Messrs. Macmillan dropped theirs, but agreed with Mr. Pollard that it was a pity his own labour should be wasted, and brought out this present text of the "Canterbury Tales" only, with a sufficient introduction, rigidly limited footnotes, and a short end-glossary. It may be welcomed both by those who possess, or intend to possess themselves of, the more elaborate and complete Clarendon Press edition and by those who do not. Its text, mainly based upon the famous Ellesmere MS., is a thoroughly good one, and Mr. Pollard's remarks as to the constitution of it, in his preface, are extremely sensible and scholarly. In particular, the present writer, as having had occasion to read very many texts of mediæval authors, English, French, and German, edited since the revival of attention to such things and the rise of a school of special scholarship connected with them, takes occasion to give humble but hearty applause to certain warning words of Mr. Pollard's as to the arrangement of such texts according to too rigid theories, philological, phonetical, and what not. The vernacular tongues in the Middle Ages were not, it is too much forgotten, written under anything like the same conditions as Greek and Latin in the classical periods of both. They were of a very different nature and structure; and the attempt to build up for them a hard-and-fast "grammar," in the widest sense, is as hazardous, from the point of view of general historical and literary criticism, as it has been in experience fertile in logomachies and labour lost. If the pains that have been spent since 1830, or thereabouts, in editing and re-editing the same texts (I do not refer to Chaucer) on different principles had been devoted to putting the texts themselves in decently readable condition before the reader, that reader would have had by this time almost everything worth reading; and the rest might have come or not, as the Muses pleased.

Secondly, I am very glad to see this particular experiment, for it is almost an experiment, of putting the chief works of the great English classical writers in good type and with every advantage of room before the general reader. For this purpose it was almost necessary to sacrifice completeness and elaborate editorial apparatus. Let us hope that this "Canterbury Tales" will have a sufficient success to induce Messrs. Macmillan to add to it "The Faerie Queene," Dryden's Fables and great political poems, Pope's Satires and Epistles, and other things in verse, and perhaps prose also, of the very first quality. These are too often only now obtainable in many-volumed dear complete editions or in more or less cramped cheap ones, burdened with a great deal of other matter which, though the student of literature would not give it up at any price, the mere reader can hardly be expected to read. No better form could be devised for the purpose than this "Eversley" one, which has already given Milton and Gray completely, and now makes a fresh bid with the chief work of Chaucer.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD.

The Wood Beyond the World. By William Morris. (Kelmscott Press.)—Mr. William Morris has chosen of late to regard the book as properly the work of a single hand in its outer dress as well as in its soul and spirit. So, being at once poet, artist, man of letters, designer, and printer, he puts his various gifts together and produces a volume which he can truly call his own. The binding is soft vellum, the printing is black-letter, the paper is handmade, the covers are tied together by blue ribbons, there are ornamental letterings and flowered borders to the pages, and the tale itself belongs to the world of fable and romance, to which Mr. Morris's fancy invariably turns. "The Wood Beyond the World" has a touch of many characteristic Morrisian things: a touch of life of the Middle Ages, a touch of pure fairydom, a touch of mediæval romance, and perhaps, every now and then, a very faint touch of symbolism. Certainly it has not the very remotest suggestion of the modern novel. "The Wood Beyond the World" has nothing introspective about it; it does not deal with problems, and is not afflicted with a moral. It is a mere progress through a healthy kind of animal fairyland, the hero of which is a rather earthy but highly agreeable Knight, while the heroine is a lady whose modesty is possibly less conspicuous than her wit. There is the fit setting to such a story—the enchanted palace and pleasure, the evil mistress of them, the Yellow Dwarf, and the canny Maid who loves the Knight and sets him free. All these things are difficult, if not impossible, to describe, because they relate to and are part of a purely aesthetic setting, the meaning of which is to be seen with the artist's eye rather than to be explained by the writer's pen. Mr. Morris takes the mediæval romance for his model, but you must also think of him with your mind's eye full of Botticellis and Carpaccios. Not, of course, that Mr. Morris in any way suggests the Christian side of mediæval phantasy. His colouring is purely pagan and sensuous, and he does not concern himself with Spenserian applications of outward appearances to inner doctrines. Withal the effect is generally as delightful as it is simple and direct. We have no space for quotations, for though Mr. Morris's prose is nearly always quaint and graceful, it is not designed for the smaller pictorial effects. Here, however, is a charming picture in which is told the story of how the Maid devised out of her cunning a miracle to save herself and her friend from the hands of the Bear people—

Lo then! as she spake, the faded flowers that hung about her gathered life and grew fresh again; the woodbine round her neck and her sleek shoulders knit itself together and embraced her freshly and cast its scent about her face. The lilies that girded her loins lifted up their heads, and the gold of their tassels fell upon her; the eyebright grew clean blue again upon her smock; the eglantine found its blooms again, and then began to shed the blooms thereof upon her feet; the meadow-sweet wreathed amongst it made clear the sweetness of her legs, and the mouse-ear studded her raiment as with gems. There she stood amidst of the blossoms, like a great orient pearl against the fretwork of the goldsmiths, and the breeze that came up the valley from behind bore the sweetness of her fragrance all over the Man-mote. H. W. MASSINGHAM.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

A Daughter of the King. By "Alien." (Hutchinson.)—"Alien," in fixing on this remarkable title, seems to have overlooked a well-known text in the Old Testament, where the wickedest woman in Biblical annals is described as the daughter of the king. Florence Arnold is nothing of a Jezebel, but in her own estimation and that of the authoress a most exemplary woman, though of a somewhat crabbed and tortuous morality. The motto from "The Story of an African Farm" with which the authoress, who is evidently deeply under the influence of Miss Olive Schreiner, prefaces her book is indicatory—as far as anything so elusive and contradictory can be indicated—of the bent of Florence's strange and vague philosophy. "A great soul draws, and is drawn, with a more fierce intensity than any small one. By every inch we grow in intellectual height. . . ." Mrs. Florence Arnold is a great soul, a wronged great soul, and she draws and is drawn, though scarcely with profit to herself. "Man's love is selfish," she maintains. As for her "intellectual growth," beyond a certain trick of forcible expression, of which she gives evidence in many a soulful speech and pregnant saying, her progress is not so manifest to the naked practical eye. In short, like King Charles of foolish memory, she says many a good thing—from a literary point of view—but never, or hardly ever, does a wise one. She marries a man on his deathbed to please his mother, loving that man's brother all the time. It would hardly be expected that the dying brother should fulfil his promise of dying. Nay, he recovers, he adores his unwilling wife, and "claims her duty." She has a child, and in this child the "Godhood within her finds its outlet." Why then, when the uxorious Claude continues to "claim her duty," and threatens to take that child away from her in view of her contumacy, does she ruin that child's future by proclaiming herself not to be its mother? Claude divorces her on the strength of this lying deposition of hers. What about "the strong, persistent impulse for reality," which was the dominant note of Florence's character?

Indeed, Florence in her youth was delightfully human, and the best part of the book is a scene in her childhood, when the children, whose sports she leads, are playing at the game of the Promised Land. Her future husband and his brother take respectively the parts of Moses and Aaron, while Florence assumes that of the prophetess Miriam, and is supported by her violin. But the youthful Israelites murmur freely, according to tradition. Aaron takes it ill when it is broken to him that he must die on the way. But when Moses—a boy of a lively disposition—is reminded that he in his turn must refrain from entering the Land of Canaan—represented by a farm where sweet milk and fruit were procurable—the storm bursts outright, and the discomfited Miriam sees them enter the Promised Land, Moses and all, in defiance of tradition. She weeps; she suffers; it is a foretaste of the sad life that awaits her. But what the moral, beyond the trite Scriptural one with which "Alien" closes her book, it is hard to discover.

VIOLET HUNT.

THE OUTCASTS OF THE LABRADOR.

Twenty-five thousand British outcasts—twenty-five thousand white men, women, and children, British subjects, at the beck and call of a handful of absentee merchants, many of them as much their property as the slaves of the South were the property of the cotton lords before the Civil War! The thing seems impossible in the last decade of the nineteenth century. It seems especially impossible within the limits of the British Empire. Yet it is what the hospital ship *Albert*, of the fleet of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, has found on the desolate coast of Labrador, under the jurisdiction of the self-governing British colony of Newfoundland. Six months Mr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the superintendent of the mission, and the crew of the *Albert* spent in all upon their voyage of discovery, and for seventy-eight days they cruised up and down this bleak and barren coast-line of eleven hundred miles, which is the home of at least 25,000 Newfoundland fishermen and their wives and children during the three or four months of the cod-fishery each year. Here they are driven to escape starvation, and here they and the 8000 residents—"liv'eres" (live-heres) they are called—are left in what Mr. Grenfell describes as "misery, poverty, and starvation"—practically without civil, medical, or spiritual guidance—a derelict community but for the scanty help which the mission has been trying to give.

"Yes," said Mr. Grenfell, speaking to a representative of *The Illustrated London News*, "the time has surely

the nature of the truck system that those under it should be compelled to undergo the terrible hardships involved in this employment. The fishermen and their families must take this voyage to the Labrador, or they will starve; and if there are not enough sound vessels they must and will go in rotten ones. What overcrowding, misery, and loss of life are involved in that voyage of 25,000 men, women, and children, from Newfoundland to the Labrador is never known except to the fishermen and their families. There are no official statistics, and official supervision is practically nonexistent. In 1885 there were, I am told, 2700 people, more than half of whom were women and children, left on this inhospitable coast because their boats had gone to pieces in a gale, and, but for the exceptional interference of the Government, they must have remained there to perish during the winter. Recent Newfoundland legislation has, I believe, made the merchants

responsible in some measure for the return of their fishermen, and I hope the responsibility will be made a real and not a fictitious one.

"Then, when the people reach the Labrador they carry on their perilous calling in what is often abject misery. The photographs I took of some of the hovels they call their 'homes' will indicate that. The civil administration is represented by the flying and very occasional visits of a Newfoundland Customs officer; and you may judge for yourself what one officer can do among a population of nearly 30,000 people settled along a difficult coastline of 1100 miles. Even this Customs officer is not a magistrate. I myself joined in the chase of a troublesome fisherman, and the man was fined ten dollars, though where the authority lay to fine him it would puzzle a lawyer to decide, and there is absolutely no means of enforcing any such penalty. Were it not that the people are, as a rule, most law-abiding, the consequences might often be terrible. As it is, drunkenness is almost unknown, and crime is rare. Still, a travelling magistrate, to maintain a semblance of authority, is an essential need.

"The spiritual and educational condition of the settlements is also deplorable. They are, in these respects,

the most neglected of British communities, though the Mor-

avian trading missions do splendid service, and the Salvation Army has of late done a little. But the work of the *Albert* was largely medical. Thirty thousand men, women, and children living together for three months without sight of a doctor or a man knowing enough of medicine to help them in need! That is surely a strange state of things in a British colony. The Government doctor, who comes up from St. John's in the mail-boat and just calls at a few ports while the mails are being landed, is able to do next to nothing, and except for the kindly but, of course, very irregular and partial help of British men-of-war things must have been much worse. As it was, we had to treat 900 cases during the seventy-eight days of our first season on the coast, and some were of a very grave character. During our second season the number jumped to 2250. To meet the difficulty we have established two hospitals, one at Battle Harbour and another at the mouth of Hamilton Inlet, and they are working well."

The past season has in some respects been a disastrous one for the mission, for the steam-yacht *Sir Donald*, given by Sir Donald Smith, the Canadian millionaire, and the steam-launch *Princess May* have both met with serious accidents on this rocky, half-surveyed coast of Labrador;



A "LIV'ERE" FAMILY AT HOME.

and it is a question whether the work of the mission can be continued next year.

"What about the imperial authorities?" Mr. Grenfell was further asked. "Yes," he at once replied, "they certainly can help the movement to better the condition of these fishermen. In her North Atlantic fisheries France finds her finest naval reserve. In the North Sea England finds hers. These Newfoundland fishermen are splendid sailors—unequalled in naval skill and daring—and they would welcome, I fancy, the naval reserve grant of £10 a-piece a year, and the creation of a naval reserve in their midst would give them something to think about and to do in the lonely winter months. Then the charts of the Labrador coast sadly need revision. That is another practical means of aiding them."

The Royal Agricultural Society will hold its fifty-sixth yearly country meeting and show at Darlington, on Monday, June 24, 1895, and during that week. Its half-yearly meeting for business was held on Thursday, Dec. 13, for the first time, at its new house in Hanover Square.

The latest addition to sixpenny monthly magazines is the *Minster*, which is literally "born in the purple," as regards its handsome wrapper. It aims at being a popular illustrated Church magazine, and the first number fulfils this intention. There is an interesting article by Mr. Corney Grain, adorned plentifully with portraits of the German Reeds and himself; and at the other pole there is a meditation by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Linley Sambourne has been happily inspired in his cartoon. There are good complete stories by Mr. James Payn and Mr. George Gissing; an article on "Lay Readers" by



AN ESKIMO GROUP.

come to wipe out this reproach upon our boasted British civilisation. The root of the trouble is the hateful truck system, and the practice of barter and credit has become so much a part of the life of the community that it is no easy matter to abolish it. Yet abolished it must be, though, of course, gradually. If a fisherman obtains so much as a pennyworth of salt all the fish he takes goes into the hands of the merchant who provided it. From him the fishermen get all their supplies in anticipation of their season's catch; money hardly ever passes through their fingers, and your limited knowledge of the truck system in England, with all its abuses, will enable you to judge how complete is the mastery of the capitalist over these poor toilers in the deep. I found one miserable fellow, out at elbows and down at heels, a debtor to the extent of \$3000 (£600). In another case I heard a merchant offer \$10,000-worth of debts for five cents. Those men cannot be free agents. They belong to the merchants, and to recoup themselves the merchants must barter at high rates of profit. So the vicious circle goes on. And the situation is aggravated when you know that the practical owners of these 25,000 human souls are ten firms or so, several leading members of which are absentees, living in peaceful comfort in England and Scotland.

"But it is useless to run the merchants down. Many of them do their level best, and some would gladly see a change if it meant no serious loss of profit; but under existing circumstances that level best is poor indeed. It is



A LABRADOR HOME.

Mr. G. Spottiswoode, pleasant reminiscences from Bishopton, contributions from Dr. Welldon, Mr. George Saintsbury, and other well-known writers. The illustrations are not of level excellence, but those by Miss Demain-Hammond are pleasing. The publishers of the *Minster*, which should have a prosperous career before it, are Messrs. A. D. Innes.

ART NOTES.

The director of the Fine Art Society may be congratulated on the choice of the present season for the exhibition of drawings bearing upon half-a-dozen of our most important public schools. "Old boys" at this time are very much in the hands of the new boys; and where, as so often happens,



"THE BIRD'S NEST."—BY JOHN WHITE.

In the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

father and son have both been at the same school, the wish to have some permanent remembrance of the least care-laden days of life will be general. Mr. H. B. Wimbush is a skilful draughtsman, and on occasion a poetic interpreter, as seen in some bits of scenery in which architectural features play no part. As a rule, however, in the hundred sketches which he gives us he is anxious rather to recall the special memories of each spot than their more or less picturesque surroundings. Of the six schools selected—Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, Marlborough, and Haileybury—each presents points which lend themselves to illustration. The Cathedral and Chantry of Winchester, the Chapel and Brewhouse Yard at Eton, the Quadrangle at Rugby, the Terrace at Haileybury, are spots well known to those whose often unwilling footsteps led them thither in no contemplative mood. For those who wish to see their old schools through the glamour of their surrounding beauty and associations, the view of St. Cross from the Winchester Water Meadows, of the wide expanse from Harrow Terrace, of Clewer Mill and the Fellows' Eytot at Eton, of the "Swifts" at Rugby, and the Kennet at Marlborough, will recall pleasant memories, and remind us that English schoolboys have the advantage of spending their schooltime among some of the most lovely and varied scenery, whether on the hills, as at Harrow and Marlborough, or on the flats, as at Eton, Rugby, or Haileybury. Winchester holding a middle place, with its Water Meadows and St. Catherine's Hill. To these Mr. Wimbush has done, in many cases, ample justice; and if his pictures at times are too accurate, this will not be regarded as a drawback to their merits.

The supplementary collection of sketches of the Wey Valley and Charterhouse School by Mr. Percy Robertson is not marked by the limitations which Mr. Wimbush found expedient to impose upon himself. If we mistake not, Mr. Percy Robertson, who belongs to a family of artists, first won notoriety as an etcher and a draughtsman when still a schoolboy in the early numbers of *Grey Friars*, a school publication at Charterhouse. He contributed sketches of Godalming and the neighbourhood, which announced his aptitude. In the little collection here brought together he shows that his talent has rapidly matured, and that he is the master of a graceful style, and possesses a keen eye for picturesque effects of light and atmosphere. The Wey is a winding stream, with unexpected spots of beauty, and its chief town, Guildford, still contains picturesque bits which arrest the most casual wayfarer. Mr. Robertson has done well to remind us that within such easy reach of our murky, toiling city there are so many bright resting-places and secluded nooks.

The success which attended the first exhibition of Mr. Brabazon's drawings has naturally emboldened him to make another appeal to popular taste. It is very clear that he has admirers who are as entitled to form their own opinion as they are capable of maintaining it. But

in comparison with the few who have an intelligent reason for their faith, we are disposed to think that there are many who admire Mr. Brabazon's work simply because it is to them unintelligible. The beauty of form—and in many cases even the value of line—is altogether ignored by the school of which Mr. Brabazon is one of the leaders. Far be it from us to suggest that he is unable to paint correctly, and even academically; but we have no hesitation in saying that many of the younger men who follow his lead are absolutely incapable of draughtsmanship, and, ignorant of the first principles of the art which others have brought to perfection, have caught up tricks of style in the hope of concealing their feebleness of execution. For example, the picture entitled "Stormy Weather, Menaggio" (21) conveys little as a picture beyond an effect of cloud and blue sky; and the "Study in Venice" (11) will recall to few any definite impression left upon them by the Queen of the Adriatic. On the other hand, such sketches as those of Beaulieu (55), Eza (58), and Antibes (8), on the Riviera are charming reminiscences of that lovely coast, and render with true poetic feeling the blending of sea and sky which constitutes the charm of its scenery. In his view of Bâle—where alas! the picturesque bridge of boats no longer spans the river—Mr. Brabazon fails to give any idea of the rushing opalescent water—just as in the canal scene at Amiens he unnecessarily misrepresents the graceful proportions of the cathedral, which rises in stately grandeur in the background.

The publication of a portrait of "The Lass of Richmond Hill" would, if the original picture could be authenticated, put an end to a literary controversy which has lasted over many years. The rival Richmonds of Surrey and Yorkshire have equally claimed the honour of owning the lady to whom the song was supposed to refer, and arguments have been brought to support each contention. Neither side seems prepared to accept the theory that "the Lass" was a sort of girlish "Mrs. Harris," having no real existence, but only a popular expression of the day,

which took literary form in the song known to have been sung by Incledon at the Vauxhall Gardens in 1789. The supporters of Surrey claim the original to have been anyone, from George the Third's "beautiful Quakeress" to the Prince Regent's Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom the words, "I'd crowns resign to call thee mine," might be applied. Yorkshire, on the other hand, insists that the lady belonged to Richmond in that county, notwithstanding the absence of anything more confirmatory of the expression than the "Hill House" as well as the prosaic fact that the lady, Miss L'Anson, had in 1789 been already married for two years to Leonard MacNally, the composer of the song, who nevertheless adopts in it the tone of the impassioned and expectant lover still eager to obtain "the Lass of Richmond Hill." The circumstances under which the present portrait is produced (Spencer, Richmond, Yorks), preclude any elaborate reproduction of the "original oil-painting," from which it has been photographed. It is, therefore, difficult to pass a judgment on the lady's charms; and it must be admitted that she is in her picture both comely and dignified; but the style of its painting, as well as the costume and coiffure of the lady—be it of Miss L'Anson or another—would appear to be of an earlier date than the closing years of the last century.

The publication of Professor Gassner's translation (Dean and Son, London), of Lafenestre and Richtenberger's "Louvre" deserves a word of recognition. It is not only a complete catalogue of all the works in that famous picture gallery, with an historical account of their acquisition, but it contains a hundred reproductions of the leading pictures. We should wish to see our own National Gallery treated in a similar way, for it is quite the best manner in which pictures can be made popular and appreciated. To many art students the need of such descriptive catalogues is ever present, and it is satisfactory to find that an effort is being made to recognise this want. Almost simultaneously appears a catalogue of the pictures at the Academia delle

Belle Arti at Venice (William Heinemann), which, although on less ambitious lines than that of the Louvre, is carefully compiled by Miss E. M. Keary; and the reproductions of the pictures, although not so numerous, are intelligently selected and carefully reproduced.

The most careless diarist—one of that numerous class which annually resolves on Jan. 1 to keep a diary—could not resist the self-registering books which Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes publish. These pocket diaries vary in styles and sizes, but not in excellence; the pencil finds the place in a moment by this patent arrangement.

"Whitaker's Almanack" is in the happy position of not needing praise. Its existence for so many years and its presence in nearly every home where information is required are proofs of its utility. There are in the present edition a few cases of rearrangement, and also some valuable additions to the contents. One innovation on which the editor may be congratulated is a treaty map dealing with Africa. We have applied thirty tests to the accuracy of the book, and each has resulted in proving how carefully the letterpress is prepared, edited, and printed.

Several other familiar year-books have made their appearance; all of them have their various uses, and all of them have come to be indispensable. The "Post-Office London Directory" (Kelly and Co.), for instance, is consulted millions of times a year, and rare indeed are the occasions when it does not satisfy the inquirer. In the 2973 pages of the new volume there are plentiful evidences of its up-to-date accuracy. The insertion of telegraphic addresses and telephone numbers in the "Commercial" section adds greatly to its utility, and the compilation extracts from anyone acquainted with the difficulties of such work the Dominic's exclamation, "Prodigious!" Then there is "Dod" (Sampson Low), compact and concise as ever in its crimson and gold covers. Its contents deal with the Peers, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland, "including all the titled classes." This is the fifty-fifth year of the issue of "Dod," and it would be difficult to suggest any improvement in its neat and accessible system of arrangement.

The National Agricultural Union, presided over by Lord Winchilsea, held its second annual congress recently at St. James's Hall. This association, with 267 branches all over the country, forming thirty-seven local councils, has now from 45,000 to 50,000 members, and is supported, totally or partially, by 240 members of Parliament. Its objects include the amendment of the



"THE SEVEN RAVENS."—BY JOHN SCOTT.

In the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

Agricultural Holdings Act, with some concession of benefit to outgoing tenants; but the resolutions passed by the Congress were for agricultural credit banks; a co-operative trading association for the direct sale of farming produce to customers in London; currency reform on the bimetallic basis; the relief of agricultural land from an excessive share of local taxation; and the prohibition of speculative gambling bargains on the Corn Exchange.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

Sketches by Colonel H. B. Urmston, formerly Deputy Commissioner of Bunnu.

THE KAFFIR KOTI, A NATURAL FORTRESS ON THE HILLS NORTH-WEST OF BUNNU, WITH GARRISON OF IUNJAUBI TROOPS: ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE GARDEN.

The river Indus, where it flows almost direct from north to south near the western frontier of the Punjab, is separated by a long narrow strip of plain, called the Derayat, from the hills that rise westward to the Suliman mountain range, on the border of Afghanistan. The northern portion of those hills, between the Gomul Pass and the Kuram, for more than a hundred miles, is the highland region inhabited by the Waziri tribes, who have often been troublesome, and whose recent attack on a British Indian frontier surveying party at Wano, on the Afghan side, has caused a military expedition to be prepared against them. At the entrance to the Kuram Pass from the plains of India, where the Kuram River descends to join the Indus, is the station of Bunnu,

with a garrison pretty well occupied in guarding several points of the frontier and keeping the roads which lead through the neighbouring valleys of the hill country. The Waziris, who belong to the Pathan race, practically refuse allegiance to the Ameer of Cabul, and are consequently hostile to an exact delimitation between his dominions and those of the British Indian Empire. They have continually molested native trade on the routes passing through that mountainous territory, and formerly used to make predatory raids in the Bunnu valley, which is fertile in grain, sugar, and tobacco. Some years ago it was necessary to send an expedition to chastise these people in the Zhob Valley, and now it is the Mahsud tribe or clan of an adjacent district, whose

Maliks or ruling chiefs have taken up arms to prevent the surveys of the frontier, under the convention made with the Ameer Abderrahman. Only a few of the Maliks have come in, bringing a small portion of the loot carried off by the Mahsud Waziris during their attack on Colonel Turner's camp. As no further extension could be granted of the period within which hostages were to be sent and the stolen horses and rifles returned, Sir William Lockhart, according to his instructions, has been obliged to advance with the forces under his command. According to later intelligence, the Mahsud Waziris had finally refused to comply with the terms offered by the Indian Government; and the troops began, on Dec. 17, to advance from Bunnu, from Wano, and from Jandola.



FRONTIER WAZIRIS COMING IN FOR THE WINTER NEAR BUNNU.

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

VI.—IN LEAFLESS WOODS.

Yes: these bare boughs, I take it, are not all pure loss. They have their consolations; they have their artistic and intellectual value. They show us, after all, the true inwardness of the tree; they enable us to realise, as none could otherwise do, the infinite diversity of architecture and ground-plan in the design and execution of the forest denizens. While dense masses of foliage clothe and obscure the boughs with their gay greenery we can gain but a rough idea of the underlying structure. But just as a Leonardo or a Luca Signorelli must needs pry beneath skin and muscle to discover the actual framework and bony supports of the body, so the lover of the trees desires from time to time to catch some glimpse of the very limbs and joints of oak or maple—to get rid of the green covering in favour of the naked underlying reality. So only can one enjoy the delicate lissom twigs of the silver birch, etched in tender grey against the hard blue sky; so only can one observe the forked upright branches of the Lombardy poplar, like natural candelabra, in striking contrast with the long hanging boughs of the weeping-willow, divided and subdivided into pendulous twigs, and losing themselves at last in fine spray of living threads, like a wind-driven cataract. Every kind of forest-dweller has thus its own special beauty of architectural plan; and every one of them can be realised in all its naked grace and variety of outline only when relieved of the glorious green weight that so richly concealed it.

And bare boughs are instructive, too, as well as beautiful. They suggest to one the endless vicissitudes and cataclysms in the history of growth; they show us how the knotted trunk acquires its final form, and by what course of evolution branch added to branch builds up at last the whole noble shape of the buttressed beech or the spreading horse-chestnut. Take, for example, our dear old friend the ash. In summer you can hardly discern through a canopy of green the outline of his bent boughs, curved downward by their own weight of heavy feathery foliage, each leaf a little branch with numerous spreading leaflets. But when autumn comes, and the heavy leaves drop off one by one, you get revealed at once the peculiar beauty of his mode of growth—that delicious combination of angular and curved form which makes the ash the acknowledged king of the winter woodland. All the branches dip gracefully in a long arch towards the end, and then rise again with an abrupt curve; this hooked type of terminal bough being so distinctive and so well marked an ashy feature that you can tell an ash by it afar off in its wintry nakedness as you whirl by in a train at a mile's distance, especially if it happens to be silhouetted against the sky on a bare ridge or hill-top. The growth of the oak, on the other hand, so gnarled and irregular, is quite equally characteristic; while the disposition of the buds soon reveals the fact that this very irregularity itself owes its origin in the last resort to a survival of the fittest among many abortive branches. For the oak tries, as it were, to grow symmetrically like a conifer; but frost and wind play such havoc with its delicate young shoots that it never succeeds in realising its ideal, but grows habitually distorted against its will by external agencies.

Now does our winter leave us wholly leafless. Even in England we have a fair sprinkling of native-born evergreens. And I really don't know that I would wish them more frequent; for nothing can be more monotonous, more sickly sweet, than the unvarying green of tropical forests; while the grateful contrast of drooping birch-twigs or big-budded bare oak-branches with the dark and sombre verdure of our northern Scotch firs is in itself one of the chief charms of English winter. During the tertiary period, indeed, our English woods were full of large-leaved evergreens of the southern types—camphors and cinnamons, and rhododendrons and liquidambars; but with the coming on of the Great Ice Age those lush southern forms were driven southward for ever, leaving us only the Scotch fir, the yew, and the juniper, with a few broader-leaved kinds of shiny evergreen, of which holly, ivy, and box are the most familiar examples. These, with the exotic laurels and aucubas, the daphnes and the laurustinuses, are quite enough to diversify pleasantly our northern scenery. Then our recent acquisitions of exotic conifers, like the Douglas pines, the sequoias, and the beautiful glaucous firs, "the greenest of things blue, the bluest of things green," which now abound in plantations, have done much to redeem the surviving reproach of the glacial epoch.

Not that any of these plants are really evergreen in the stricter sense that most people imagine. All our foliage alike is, strictly speaking, annual, and all alike deciduous; but while oaks and beeches shed their dead leaves in one climate in autumn, pines, firs, and hollies retain theirs on the tree till the succeeding spring, and then let them drop quietly off, unperceived amid the pale glory of the fresh green foliage. A larch is a well-known example of a conifer which behaves in this respect like the oak or the birch; while its ally, the spruce fir, keeps on the dead or dying leaves through the winter months, and then shuffles them off unobtrusively as the new foliage develops. The evergreens get the advantage of utilising any stray scrap of winter sunshine; but then they have to protect their living green material with a thick coat of glazed outer cells; the deciduous trees, on the other hand, withdraw all the living protoplasm in autumn into the live layer of the bark, drop the dead skeletons of the leaves on the ground, and utilise the protoplasm afresh for the formation of young leaves when spring comes round once more in due season. Nothing is lost; everything is economised, hoarded, and finally used up again.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

II McCOLL (Boulogne).—We are much obliged for your papers, but life is really too short to master two different systems coming by one post.

MISS M. BARNARD (West Brighton).—Your object is a very praiseworthy one, but we fear, in the limited space at our disposal, we could only do injustice to your method by attempting the smallest criticism of it.

II E. KIDSON (Liverpool).—Your much esteemed contribution is to hand, for which many thanks.

WALTER PULITZER (New York).—We are very pleased to receive original problems from you, but both appear defective. In one case it takes B is another way, and in the other there is no mate if Black play 1. B takes B (cb).

ST. ALBANS (Manchester).—Certainly, from the very fact that the pieces have so great a choice of squares whereon to move.

W. STUART DANIELS (St. Nicholas).—Your problem shows some sense of construction, but it is rather too simple for publication.

A. J. MAAS (Highgate).—Duly to hand, for which we are obliged.

C. E. PERUGINI.—It has not appeared in this column before.

F. WALLER.—Thanks for your letter; we shall be glad to hear further from you on local chess affairs.

P. V. (Trinidad).—You are quite right.

W. D. HUTCHINGS (Leicester).—Thanks. The game shall have our early attention.

A. STEWART (Chiswick).—The Knight is pinned.

F. ARNOLD (Kensington).—In the main play of your problem, if Black play 2. Kt to B 4th there is no mate next move.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2638 to 2640 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastri (Mysore); of No. 2643 from S. F. O. (Northampton), E. C. M. M. (Northampton), C. Field, junr. (Athol, Mass.), and A. P. (St. John, N.B.); of No. 2644 from Emile Frat (Lyons), and J. A. B.; of No. 2645 from John McRobert (Crossgar), W. E. Thompson, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), G. T. Hughes (Athy), A. H. Newth, M.D. (Hayward's Heath), Emile Frat (Lyons), Dr. Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), J. W. Scott (Newark), A. M. Kelly (New College, Oxford), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), N. Allister (Mülheim), E. Arthur (Exmouth), Charles Wagner, Leopold Wagner (Vienna), E. W. Burnell (Edgbaston), W. David (Cardiff), R. Worters (Canterbury), T. Butcher (Cheltenham), E. G. Boys, J. T. Blakemore (Edgbaston), J. P. Moon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), and Oswald Mayall (Southwick).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2646 received from R. H. Brooks, J. Dixon, E. H. Shadforth, C. J. Fisher (Eye), R. Worters (Canterbury), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. and A. Barnard (Uppingham), W. R. B. (Clifton), Dawn, C. M. A. B., L. Desanges, Alpha, G. T. Hughes (Athy), W. R. Raillem, E. G. Boys, Hereward, J. F. Moon, E. Loudon, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), H. Moss (Sleaford), Meursius (Brussels), G. Douglas Angas, F. Waller (Luton), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), M. Burke, Ubique, J. T. Blakemore (Edgbaston), J. Dean, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), F. Leete (Sudbury), J. Bailey (Newark), J. Ross (Whitley), Edward J. Sharpe, Marie S. Priestley (Bangor), Martin F. T. Roberts, and J. S. Wesley (Exeter).

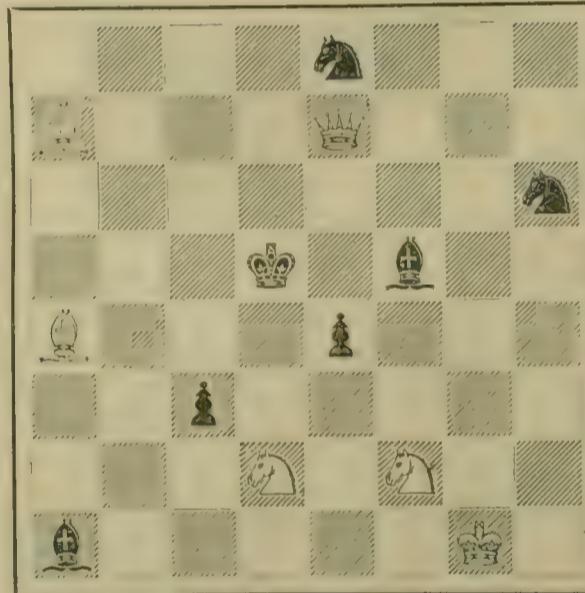
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2645.—By G. C. HEYWOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P takes P. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2648.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played in the match between Messrs. Snowalter and Aldin.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	17. B to K 2nd	P takes Kt
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	18. Kt takes Kt P	R to R 5th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	Now Q to Q Kt 3rd is prevented, and the immediate gain of the piece threatened.	
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	19. K to R sq	B to Q 2nd
5. B takes Kt	B takes B	20. Kt to B 3rd	R to R 6th
6. P to K 5th	B to K 2nd	21. R to Q Kt sq	Q to Q 5th
7. Q to K 4th	Castles	22. R to Kt 3rd	K R to R sq
8. B to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th	23. K to Kt sq	
9. P takes P	Kt to Q 2nd	Obviously mate was on by R takes P (ch), the Kt being threatened.	
10. Q to R 3rd	P to K R 3rd	24. B P takes R	R takes R (ch)
11. P to B 4th	Kt takes B P	25. R to Q B sq	R to Q B 6th
12. Castles	P to K B 4th	26. R to B 2nd	Q takes B P
13. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	As forcible and conclusive as it is simple.	
14. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to R 6th	27. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 5th
15. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt takes P	28. B to R 5th	B to Kt 4th
16. K takes Kt	P to R 3rd	A fine move. If Kt takes B, Q to Kt 8th (ch), etc.	
		29. Q to Kt 6th	R takes Kt
		White resigns.	

Of vital importance in this position, in order to free his game and attack the centre.

This answers with singular force an apparently good move, and, in fact, leads to a speedy win. It will be followed up, as will be seen.

15. Kt to Kt 5th Kt takes P

16. K takes Kt P to R 3rd

17. B to K 2nd P takes Kt

18. Kt takes Kt P R to R 5th

Now Q to Q Kt 3rd is prevented, and the immediate gain of the piece threatened.

19. K to R sq B to Q 2nd

20. Kt to B 3rd R to R 6th

21. R to Q Kt sq Q to Q 5th

22. R to Kt 3rd K R to R sq

23. K to Kt sq Obviously mate was on by R takes P (ch), the Kt being threatened.

24. B P takes R R takes R (ch)

25. R to Q B sq R to Q B 6th

26. R to B 2nd Q takes B P

As forcible and conclusive as it is simple.

27. Q to Kt 3rd Q to Q 5th

28. B to R 5th B to Kt 4th

A fine move. If Kt takes B, Q to Kt 8th (ch), etc.

29. Q to Kt 6th R takes Kt

White resigns.

17. B to K 2nd P takes Kt

18. Kt takes Kt P R to R 5th

Now Q to Q Kt 3rd is prevented, and the immediate gain of the piece threatened.

19. K to R sq B to Q 2nd

20. Kt to B 3rd R to R 6th

21. R to Q Kt sq Q to Q 5th

22. R to Kt 3rd K R to R sq

23. K to Kt sq Obviously mate was on by R takes P (ch), the Kt being threatened.

24. B P takes R R takes R (ch)

25. R to Q B sq R to Q B 6th

26. R to B 2nd Q takes B P

As forcible and conclusive as it is simple.

27. Q to Kt 3rd Q to Q 5th

28. B to R 5th B to Kt 4th

A fine move. If Kt takes B, Q to Kt 8th (ch), etc.

29. Q to Kt 6th R takes Kt

White resigns.

17. B to K 2nd P takes Kt

18. Kt takes Kt P R to R 5th

Now Q to Q Kt 3rd is prevented, and the immediate gain of the piece threatened.

19. K to R sq B to Q 2nd

20. Kt to B 3rd R to R 6th

21. R to Q Kt sq Q to Q 5th

22. R to Kt 3rd K R to R sq

23. K to Kt sq Obviously mate was on by R takes P (ch), the Kt being threatened.

24. B P takes R R takes R (ch)

25. R to Q B sq R to Q B 6th

26. R to B 2nd Q takes B P

As forcible and conclusive as it is simple.

27. Q to Kt 3rd Q to Q 5th

28. B to R 5th B to Kt 4th

A fine move. If Kt takes B, Q to Kt 8th (ch), etc.

29. Q to Kt 6th R takes Kt

White resigns.

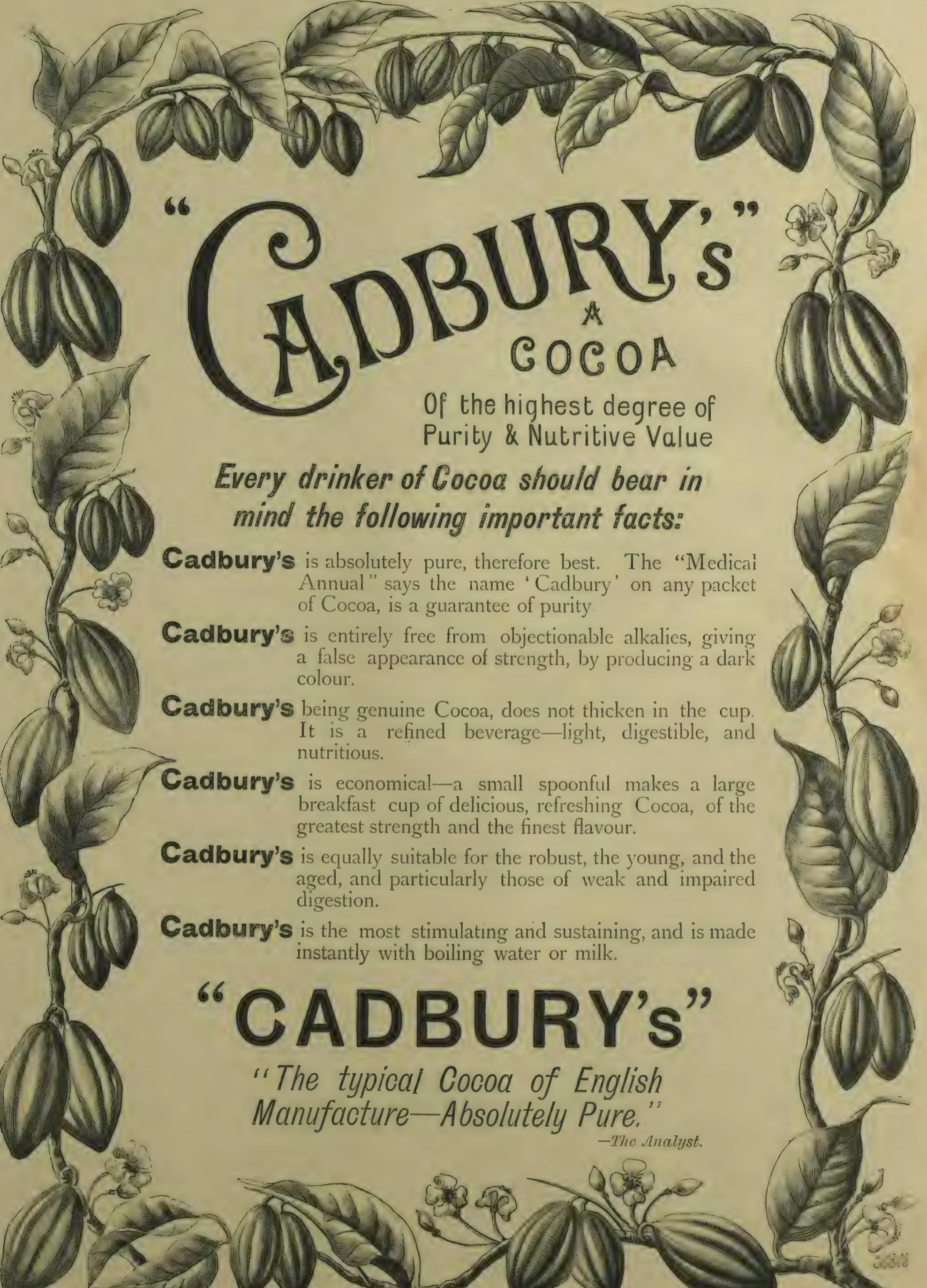
17. B to K 2nd P takes Kt

18. Kt takes Kt P R to R 5th

Now Q to Q Kt 3rd is prevented, and the immediate gain of the piece threatened.

19. K to R sq B to Q 2nd

20. Kt to B 3



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1891), with two codicils (dated July 23, 1892, and April 13, 1894), of the Rev. George William Herbert, of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, and St. Leonard's, Malvern Link, Worcestershire, who died on Nov. 14, was proved on Dec. 14 by Mrs. Louisa Herbert, the widow, John Hopgood, and Cecil Dawson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £122,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; an annuity of £3000 to his wife during widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again £600 per annum for life; and £100 each to his executors, Mr. Hopgood and Mr. Dawson. As soon as practicable a fund is to be set aside to pay the annuities to his wife, and he empowers her, at her death, to appoint the whole, or any part of such fund among his issue as she may think fit. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trusts, for his children, his daughters to take shares equal to one another, and his son to take double the share of each daughter. He provides that his wife, if any child under twenty-five marries without her consent, may revoke the trusts of his will as to such child's share, and appoint the same among his other children. Certain advancements to children are to be brought into account in the division of his estate.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1893), with a codicil (dated April 11, 1891), of Mr. William Henry Westwood, of High View, Outlands' Park, Weybridge, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Dec. 15 by Henry Torrington Chapple, Bayden Kingsnorth, and William Bayden Neame, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £73,000. The testator gives all his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Westwood; his residence, High View, to her for life; £20 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London City Mission, and the London Missionary Society; and legacies to his own and his wife's relatives, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to pay some further legacies. The ultimate residue is to be divided equally between his wife's nephews, Edward Kingsnorth, Bayden Kingsnorth, Walter Kingsnorth, Herbert Kingsnorth, Stephen Kingsnorth, and Horace Kingsnorth Dunk.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1890) of Mrs. Sophia Fletcher, of Pull Court, Tewkesbury, who died on Nov. 21 at Sydney Lodge, Hamble, near Southampton, was proved on Dec. 7 by George Hamilton Fletcher, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testatrix states that she has made provision for her sister; and bequeaths legacies to daughter, niece, and other relatives, servants, and others. She also bequeaths £100 each to the National Central Society for Women's Suffrage, the Sunday Society, the Society for the Protection of Women and Children, the British Home for Incurables (Clapham), the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Home of Rest for Horses, and the temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. All her real estate (if

any) and the residue of her personal estate she gives to her four daughters.

The will (dated March 3, 1888) of Mr. Charles Fletcher, of 80, Cranfield Gardens, Hampstead, and of the Stock Exchange, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Nov. 29 by Henry Rutter and Dennis Drake, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his property whatsoever, whether real or personal, to his wife, for her own absolute use and benefit, trusting that she will do what is right for the welfare of his children.

The will and codicil of Miss Louisa Henrietta Alderson (sister of the Marchioness of Salisbury) of 40, Beaufort Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Aug. 29 at Hatfield House, Hatfield, were proved on Dec. 15 by Miss Mary Catherine Alderson, the sister, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7761. The testatrix gives a life interest in all her money to her sister Mary Catherine, or until her marriage. On the cesser of such interest she bequeaths £500 to her niece Lady Wolmer; £100 to her niece Lady Gwendolen Cecil; and there are other legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives. The residue of her money is to be equally divided between her brother Cecil's children and her sister Florence Alderson's boy.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Sir John Dugdale Astley, Bart., of Elsham Hall, Brigg, Lincolnshire, who died intestate, on Oct. 10, at 7, Park Place, St. James's Street, were granted on Dec. 18 to Sir Francis Edmund George Astley Corbett, Bart., the son, Dame Eleanor Blanche Mary Astley, the widow, having renounced her right to the grant. The gross value of the personal estate amounts to £3542 5s. 9d.

The Dover Town Council has determined upon all pleasure-boats being taken charge of by fully licensed watermen; and the Local Government Board grant a provisional order repealing existing local Acts which interfere with this regulation.

The Federation of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers has felt compelled to withdraw from the Trades Union Conference. They regret that after the sacrifices and concessions made by employers to uphold the principle of arbitration and to obtain freedom from strikes, no other course was open to them. The local Boards of Arbitration and Conciliation will be prohibited from considering or discussing any increase of wages for two years, manufacturers being allowed to employ workmen in the manner they consider advisable so long as the full wages are paid, and to introduce new machines at any time without notice, the output of these machines not to be interfered with or restricted by the Operatives' Union; and the employer to have the sole right to determine what workmen he should engage. The rules will not prevent the advance of the wages of individual workmen, but the minimum shall not be advanced for two years. The Federation will render help towards the amicable settlement of any dispute that may arise.

OBITUARY.

SIR EDMUND LECHMERE, BART.

Sir Edmund Anthony Harley Lechmere, of The Rhyd, in the county of Worcester, third baronet, and member of Parliament for South Worcester, died on Dec. 18. He was born Dec. 8, 1826, and was the eldest son of the second baronet, whom he succeeded April 2, 1856. He was educated at Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. He represented, as a Conservative, Tewkesbury 1866-68, West Worcestershire 1876-85, the Bewdley Division of Worcestershire 1885-92, and the Evesham division of Worcestershire since 1892. He was High Sheriff of Worcestershire in 1862. Sir Edmund was Chancellor of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. He married, Sept. 30, 1853, Louisa Rosamond, only surviving child of Mr. John Haigh, of Whit-Riding, Yorkshire. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, Edmund Arthur, who was born Sept. 21, 1863, and married, in 1885, Alice, daughter of Mr. T. Samuels, of Sumner, New Zealand.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Joseph Cocksey Lee, for some years deputy-chairman of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, on Dec. 17, aged sixty-two.

Mary Anne Wilmot, Dowager Countess of Huntingdon, on Dec. 16. She was the only child of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. John Craven Westenra, and married, in 1867, the thirteenth Earl of Huntingdon, who died in 1885.

Sir Oswald Walters Brierly, R.W.S., Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen, on Dec. 14, aged seventy-seven. He accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales on their tour up the Nile in 1869, and executed a large number of pictures for the royal family.

Lord Charles Pelham Pelham-Clinton, great-uncle of the Duke of Newcastle, and formerly M.P. for Sandwich, on Dec. 15, aged eighty-one.

Mr. E. T. Craig, a pioneer of the co-operation movement, on Dec. 15, aged ninety.

Mr. Frederick Henry Vane, one of the last contemporaries of Mr. Gladstone at Eton, on Dec. 13. He was for some time in the consular service.

Major N. Forster, who served in the Afghan War in the 2nd King's Royal Rifles, on Dec. 12, aged fifty.

Sir John Thompson, Prime Minister of Canada, on Dec. 12, aged forty-nine.

The Baroness Charles de Rothschild, mother of Lady Rothschild, on Dec. 11.

Major-General A. D. L. Farrant, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, on Dec. 13, aged seventy-five.

Mr. A. Cowper Ranyard, editor of *Knowledge*, and a member of the London County Council, on Dec. 15, aged forty-nine. He was an enthusiastic astronomer and a great student of photography.

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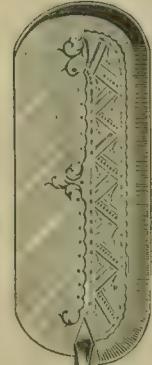
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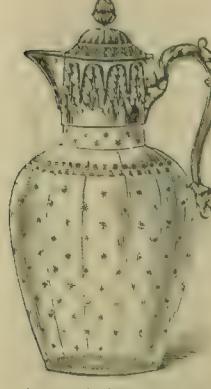
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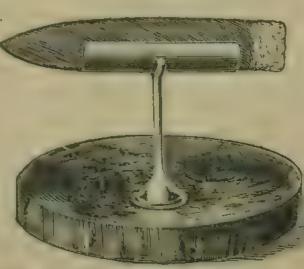
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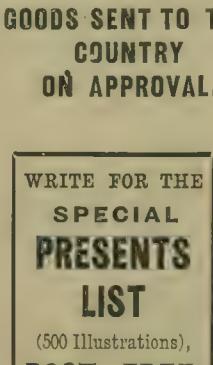
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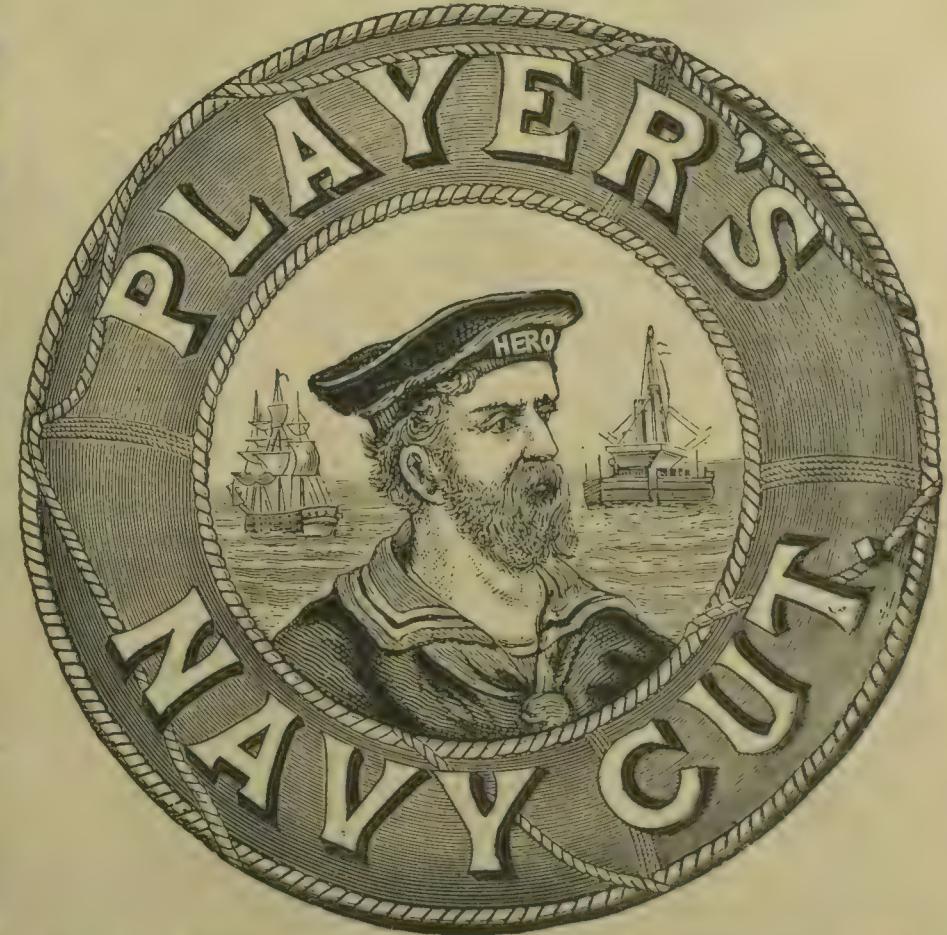
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OUR SAILOR BISHOP.

It is nearly four years since Bishop Corfe commenced his work in Corea. He is the eldest son of Dr. Corfe, of Christ's Church, Oxford, the talented musician. He was educated at Guernsey College and also at All Souls, Oxford, and is the only naval chaplain who has been appointed to a bishopric. He began life at sea by two eventful voyages. H.M.S. *Doris*, his first ship, was sent to the aid of the inhabitants of the nearly submerged Island of Tortoli; and his second ship, H.M.S. *Inconstant*, was sailing in line with H.M.S. *Captain* on the stormy night when the latter ship foundered. The *Inconstant* passed over the very spot where the ill-fated ship must have sunk a few minutes before. Little did those on board suspect the tragic end that had overtaken so many of their countrymen in the darkness. Not until the following morning, when the signal, "Search for the *Captain*," was made, was the truth suspected. The *Inconstant*—then the swiftest ship in the Navy—was ordered to proceed to England at full speed to tell the news. A storm raged during the voyage home, fire broke out twice on board owing to the over-heating in the engine-room, and some fatal accidents occurred. Mr. Corfe's next two ships were H.M.S. *Cambridge* and *Victor Emmanuel*. The latter was hospital-ship during the Ashantee War, and he received the Ashantee medal. He was afterwards appointed to Admiral Ryder's flag-ship, the *Audacious*, on the China station. Here he was brought in contact with Bishop Scott, who so interested him in mission work among the Chinese that he consented to resign his post in the Navy and join him. However, before two years expired family matters called Mr. Corfe back to England. On this being known his naval friends, with whom he was a genuine favourite, asked him to re-enter the service. He consented; but, the return of an officer into the Royal Navy being unprecedented, difficulties naturally arose. These difficulties were overcome by an Order in Council, and Mr. Corfe was reinstated in the same position that he held previous to quitting the service. This is the only case of an officer being permitted to re-enter the Royal Navy, and speaks volumes for the high esteem in which he was held. He subsequently served on board the flag-ships of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh—H.M.S. *Minotaur* and *Alexandra*—and still retains the appointment of honorary chaplain to his Royal Highness. It is a delightful moment for him, now that duty has called him to spend his days in the Hermit Kingdom, when a man-of-war puts into Chemulpo, and he meets old friends and can talk



THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

THE BISHOP OF COREA.

Photo by Duckmant, Gainsborough.

over old times. The Hospital Naval Fund was started, under the presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, to provide means for hospital work in Corea, and is

wholly supported by naval men. Hundreds of natives have been under treatment in the two hospitals, and the Bishop speaks highly of their patience in suffering and gratitude for kindness. He, and his hard-working staff, have mastered the difficult Corean language after three years' study.

With respect to the present war, he deplores that Corea had been "compelled to supply the battle-ground upon which her more powerful neighbours are to fight out their hereditary feud. . . . It is the arena without any reference to the likes and dislikes, the wrongs and the rights of the people." He describes how the Coreans, "dressed in their best clothes, watched the disembarkation of the Japanese troops at Chemulpo, as if it were a show provided for their amusement." The troops were "landed with marvellous rapidity and complete equipment." The Bishop also states: "To us, personally, the people of the country are as well disposed as ever—better disposed than ever." Doubtless the hospitals are now crowded with sick and wounded as he anticipated.

During the present crisis it is a gratification to know that our ecclesiastical representative in Corea is a man of sound common-sense, much experience, and with a power of endearing himself to those around which might prove of inestimable value. EDITH BAGOT HARTE.

The proposal of the Indian Government, or rather of the Secretary of State for India, to impose an excise duty upon the manufacture in India of the finer "counts" of cotton yarn, as a compensation to Lancashire manufacturers for the five per cent. value duty to be imposed on British cotton goods imported into India, is strongly opposed by the Bengal and Madras Chambers of Commerce, and by Indian native opinion.

The cricket match played at Sydney, New South Wales, during several days, between Mr. Stoddart's eleven from England and representatives of the combined Australian colonies, ended on Dec. 20 in the victory of the British team by a majority of 10 runs; they made 325 in the first innings and 437 in the second innings; while "All Australia" in the first innings made 586, an immense score, but only 166 in the second. The players from England were Messrs: Stoddart, McLaren, Ward, Brown, Brockwell, Peel, Ford, Briggs, Lockwood, Gay, and Richardson; of whom Mr. Ward made 75

runs in his first and 117 in his second innings; but the largest Australian individual scores were 201 for Mr. Gregory, and 161 for Mr. Giffen, in their first innings.

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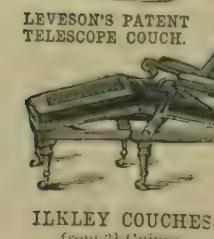
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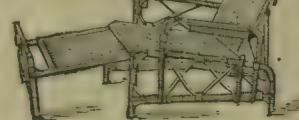
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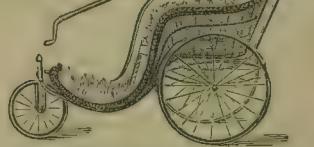


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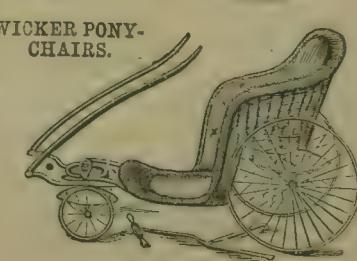
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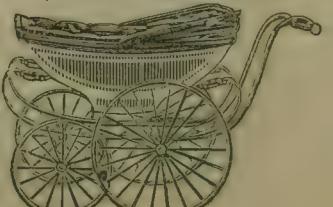
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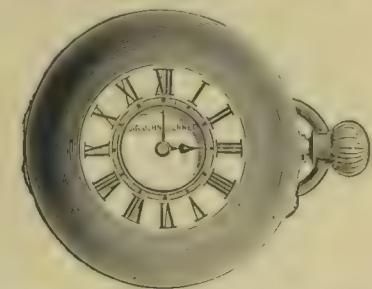
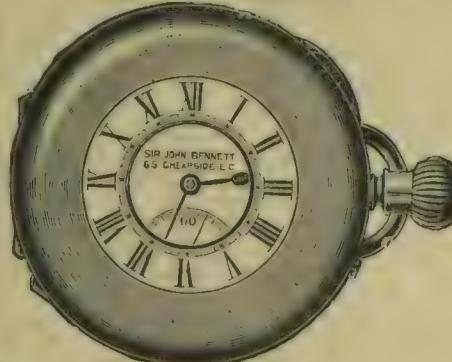
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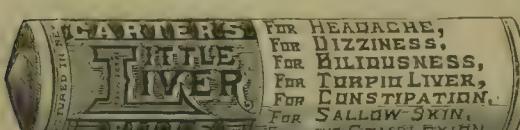
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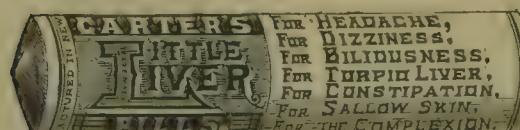
You hardly realise that it is medicine when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.



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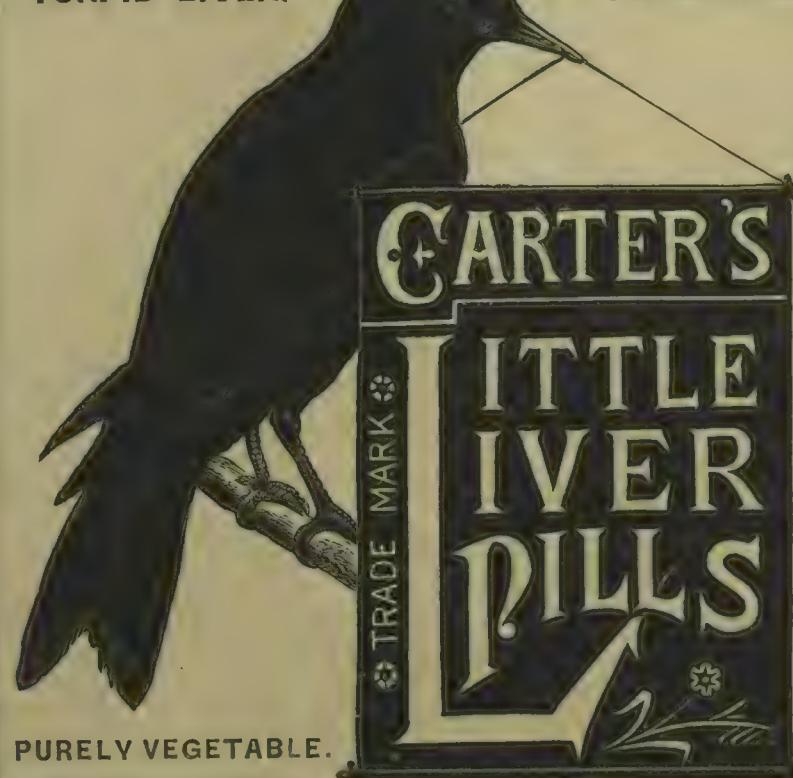
Constipation, which gives rise to many graver troubles, is cured and prevented by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Small pill, small dose, small price. Of all Chemists, 1½d. Each phial contains forty pills.



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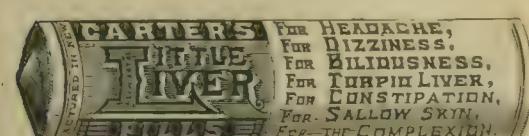
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PURELY VEGETABLE.
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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

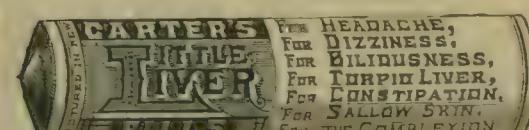
You can't help liking Carter's Little Liver Pills, they are so very small and their action is so perfect. A specific for torpid liver. Of all Chemists, 1½d.



To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver, and free the stomach from bile.



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"Mr. Crow, or the Rook's Progress."—Ask your Chemist for a copy, free, of this unique booklet. Post free from Carter Medicine Company, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Well worth reading. "Mr. Crow" is a 32-page illustrated pamphlet.

Cure Torpid Liver for Good—WITHOUT FAIL.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In the course of my wanderings in the North of Ireland I paid a visit, under the guidance of a friend, to a very remarkable electrical tramway. This tramway runs between Newry and Bessbrook, a distance of over three miles; and it derives much of its interest from the fact that it was the first electrical line in the world which successfully combined passenger traffic with goods traffic. The courteous manager, Mr. Harrison, has forwarded me a reprint of an article from the *Railway World*, in which a full account is given of this interesting line. As the development of electrical propulsion for light railways is a most desirable end and aim, I may be permitted briefly to refer to a few points in connection with the possible extension of the system to districts adapted for the institution of such means of conveyance.

The line between Newry and Bessbrook has been open for over eight years, and forms the chief means of conveying traffic between the two towns. A daily traffic of one hundred tons of minerals and goods had to be provided for

each way, the amount going up to 200 tons on occasion, in addition to the passenger traffic. The line was completely made by Messrs. Mather and Platt, of Salford, Manchester. The dynamos are of the Edison-Hopkinson type. There are two of them, but one alone can work the line, save when a heavy train requires to start on the steep gradient. An interesting part of the system is the fact that at Millvale, about halfway along the line, the generating station is placed, and this for the reason that there is an available waterfall, working a turbine, supplies all the needed power. The conditions on which the line was constructed were that Messrs. Mather and Platt having fully completed it, the local company undertook to purchase the plant and equipment at an agreed upon sum, if the conditions laid down had been complied with, and if it were shown after six months' working that the cost of operating the line by electricity did not exceed that of steam traction upon a similar line. Having fulfilled this proviso, the line was formally taken over from the contractors, and since April 1886, when it became the property of the local company, has worked without a hitch.

Electricity thus replaces steam and animal power with ease and economy; the special feature of the Newry and Bessbrook line being, as I have said, the presence of a

handy and sufficient water-supply as a motive-power. The goods traffic is carried on by means of wagons whose wheels have no flanges, and which are kept on the rails by means of an extra pair of rails, so that with their flat tires these wagons may easily pass on to ordinary roads. The current passes to the motors in the cars from the Millvale station by an inverted channel steel conductor placed midway between the rails. Where there are level crossings, interrupting the conductor, the current passes along a short cable, laid beneath the sleepers; but there is also an overhead conductor on the cars, for use where a country road is crossed at an oblique angle, and where the cable cannot be used. The average gradient of the line is 1 in 86; the maximum being 1 in 50. Altogether the success of this electrical tramway has been of remarkable kind, and the Newry and Bessbrook people are justly proud of the enterprise. The average tonnage of the goods and minerals on the Newry line is from 16,000 to 17,000 tons per annum; and the number of passengers from 90,000 to 100,000, while the average tram-mileage is 21,000 miles.

I have to thank a large number of lady correspondents for replies in answer to my request for information regarding

'THE SECRET OF HEALTH.'

Written by a Diplomée of a London Hospital.

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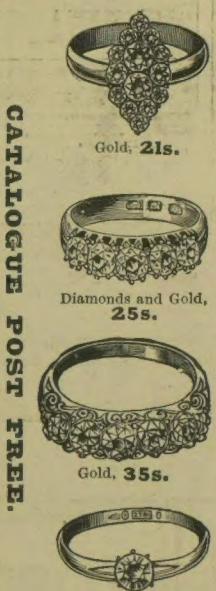
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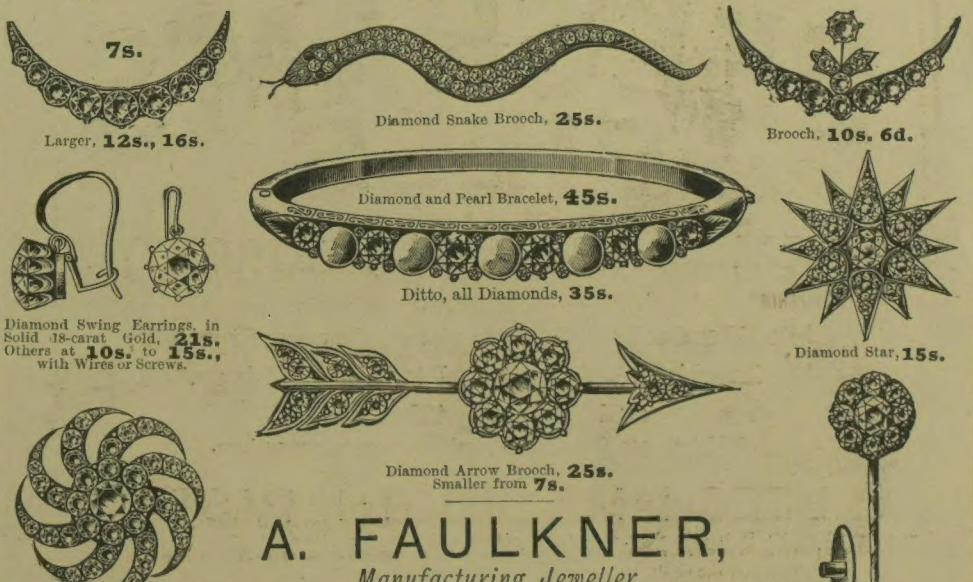


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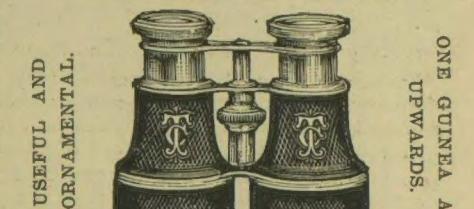


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cycling as a suitable and healthful exercise for women. It is remarkable that not a discordant note exists throughout the correspondence: all are agreed that, given suitable conditions, such as moderation in the exercise, the avoidance of strain, a proper dress, and gradual initiation into the exercise—all conditions easy of fulfilment—cycling is most beneficial, and not merely health-maintaining, but health-restoring. There is another point on which all my correspondents are agreed—namely, that the tricycle is obsolete as a cycle. They unanimously praise the bicycle, in respect of its lightness and of the ease of propulsion.

One lady summarises the case so aptly that I shall quote her conclusions. She says every woman should begin with short distances, and the distance cycled should be gradually increased. No one should ride at a pace, at any time, involving strain. This point she emphasises.

The rider should walk up long and steep hills, because, in addition to avoiding strain, the change of movement is restful. As regards dress, my correspondent is very hard on dresses designed by men for cycling women. She avers they are too heavy and too warm. Her own practice is to wear special cotton underclothing in winter, and silk in summer. In summer a cotton or silk skirt is worn over the underclothing, and a cloth Zouave jacket to match the skirt, minus sleeves. A knickerbocker costume (silk or linen) is worn under the skirt, while in winter a thin woollen skirt is used in place of the summer garment. A properly cut skirt, it is argued, saves much fatigue, because it does not drag over the knees, and thus does not tire the legs; while when a proper skirt is worn, no woman, it is urged, need ever feel disposed to discard the feminine for the masculine attire. This lady has toured from thirty-five to thirty-nine

miles daily over rough hilly roads without fatigue, and with excellent results in the way of health.

One remarkable point about all the letters I have received is, that while the writers profess that a short walk absolutely tires them, a long bicycle-ride not only innervates, but acts as a tonic measure. This is too important a point to be lightly regarded. Again, my correspondents all speak of improved health after cycling has been undertaken as an exercise, while they are unanimous in declaring the entire absence of ill-effects. One lady engaged in laborious duties finds her cycling to fit her physically for the discharge of her labours as no other form of exercise or tonic had hitherto been able to accomplish. So far, then, all the testimony I have before me is in favour of cycling for women; and all this evidence is practical and drawn from personal experience—a fact which enhances its value.

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TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.

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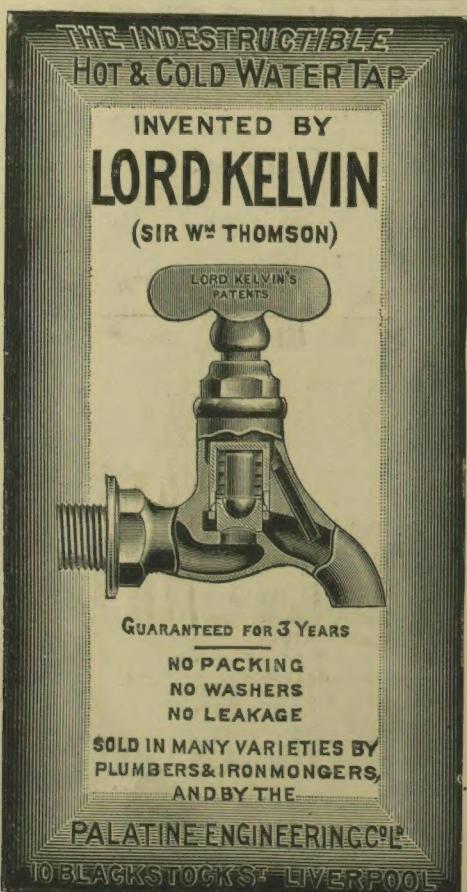
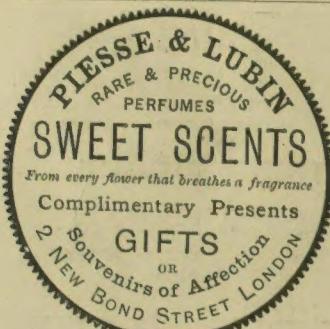
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stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. C. Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the “Times,” July 13, 1863.

D. R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See “Lancet,” Dec. 31, 1863.

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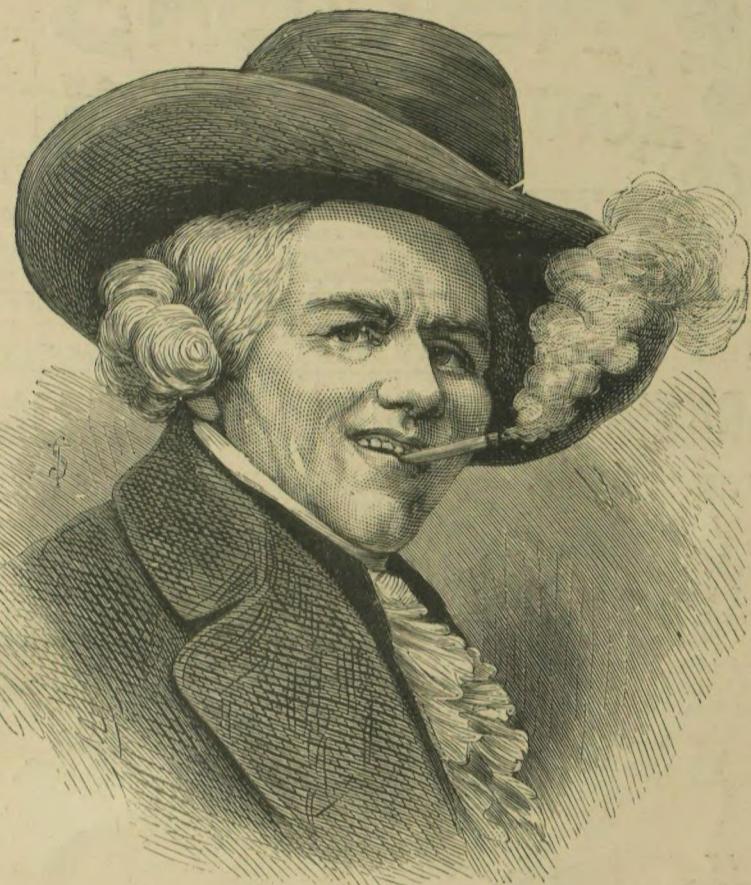
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